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¶ The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of THE FORTNIGHTLY are at 4, 5 & 6, Soho Square, London, W.1.

¶ Entered as second-class matter, January 4, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1897 (Sec. 397 P.L. & R.).

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1951

STRASBOURG IN RETROSPECT

BY SIR HAROLD BUTLER

TO most people in this country Strasbourg seems rather remote, further off indeed than Washington or New York. The critical meetings of the Security Council on Korea, the great American debate on foreign policy during and since the Congressional elections, the momentous action of Mr. Truman in declaring a state of emergency, the meeting of the North Atlantic Council and the appointment of General Eisenhower to command its forces in Europe ; this tremendous rush of events in the past six months has been more than enough to occupy the attention of the ordinary citizen. He has felt, and rightly, that the keystone of our foreign policy is our alliance with the United States. On that fundamental point, which the Prime Minister put so forcibly in Washington, there is no serious difference of opinion between the parties. As long as British and American policies went hand in hand, it was generally assumed that they would take care of Europe, or that Europe would take care of itself, within the framework of the North Atlantic Pact. For that reason the debates at Strasbourg received a good deal less attention than they deserved.

The Consultative Assembly met twice in its nice new building in Strasbourg, in August and in November. They were difficult sessions. All the latent fears and divisions which are besetting Western Europe came to the surface, but if only on that account the Assembly began to fulfil its political function. It discharged the primary duty of a parliamentary body by making itself a true sounding board of public opinion. The debates on the creation of a European army were not conducted in polite diplomatic phraseology. There was a great deal of plain speaking, which helped to clear the air and without which the subsequent meeting of the Atlantic countries would probably have produced less positive results. The Assembly made a real contribution to the problem of European defence, upon which the fate of the continent, not excluding Britain, depends.

During the first part of the session in August, the whole question of security was implicitly raised by the Committee of Ministers, when they suggested to the Assembly that it should endorse the action of the United Nations in Korea. In the light of the unpreparedness, which had enabled the Communist forces to overrun most of South

Korea before any effective opposition could be mustered, the organization of the defence of Europe assumed a new urgency. Nevertheless the delegates of the British Labour Party supported by most of the Scandinavian delegates objected to any discussion of defence on the ground that it was excluded from the purview of the Assembly by the Statute. Against this plea it was argued that, while the Assembly was debarred from dealing with military matters, it was entitled to debate the political problems which had to be solved before any military organization could be created. If the Assembly ignored them at such a critical moment, it would stultify itself and lose all standing with public opinion.

On that basis the debate proceeded. It soon exposed the first fear. The French, and not they alone, were naturally apprehensive lest a new German army might be created, which might some day overrun them once more. That was the root of the demand for a "unified European army under a European Defence Minister", which on Mr. Churchill's motion was adopted. When the debate was resumed in November, the Assembly was informed that the Ministers had not accepted the resolution on defence as being *ultra vires*. This negative attitude was practically abandoned, however, when M. Schuman appeared to explain the Plevén scheme with the approval of "the great majority" of his colleagues. In the course of the debate it became clear that German fears were not less acute than those of the French. While recognizing their interest to defend their own country, the Germans clearly thought the attempt would be a forlorn hope, unless they were assured of the help of large American and British forces actually stationed in Germany. They were not prepared to play for certain defeat and the Russian vengeance which would follow. But there came to light another German fear hardly less insistent, which was expressed by Mr. Carlo Schmid and his Socialist colleagues. They were afraid lest a German army under a resurrected General Staff might dominate and ultimately destroy German democracy while it was still weak, as the *Reichswehr* had compassed the destruction of the Weimar republic. The German Socialists refused to vote for a European army, unless it was controlled by a European political authority and although the delegates of the majority parties in the *Bundestag* finally voted for the resolution, they largely shared the misgivings of the Socialists.

Now the first of these fears is on the way to being met by the appointment of General Eisenhower and the decision to send a larger number of American and British divisions to Europe. But those measures will not altogether allay the second fear. Behind it lies a very real dilemma. How are German troops for an Atlantic army to be raised? If the old officers, the seniors mostly from the military caste, the juniors mostly enthusiastic Nazis, were to be given power

again, how many of them could be trusted loyally to serve the republic? And the rank and file, are they to be volunteers or conscripts? There is strong popular feeling in Germany against re-militarization, which the Communists exploit freely. The masses dread both another war and another bout of militarism which might finally lead to war. Conscription therefore has little attraction. On the other hand, 150,000 first class soldiers could no doubt be raised by voluntary enlistment, but many Germans remember that after the first war General von Seeckt's *Reichwehr* of 100,000 men was raised just that way. It was anything but a democratic army; it became the strongest power in the State and eventually allowed Hitler to overthrow the republic. That might happen again, unless the German forces were part of a truly European army under the direction of a European authority.

A succession of speakers revealed these basic troubles of Europe, which cannot be spirited away by hiding them under the cloak of the Atlantic Pact. It was particularly unfortunate then that half the British delegates, and they representing the party in power, had no opinion to offer on these vital matters, the more so as the continental delegates were almost unanimous in thinking that no effective European organization for defence or anything else could be constructed without British participation. They were still hoping for a forthright united British lead, but they did not get it. It may well be hoped that General Eisenhower will succeed in allaying some of the immediate fears of the French and the Germans, but many Europeans feel that American leadership is not enough. They ask themselves what would happen if the Republican Party adopted Mr. Hoover's principles and were returned to power in 1952. Even discounting a catastrophe of that kind, they realize that the United States cannot be expected to hold Europe together indefinitely. Supposing the cold war somehow came to an end, and the American troops went back home, where would Europe be then? All its old troubles might recur. Unless in the meanwhile Europe had become really united, militarily, economically and in some degree politically, Germany might make another bid for domination, democracy might be imperilled by the forces of the right or the left there, and in France and in Italy, as in the 'thirties. None of these countries, which formerly played such leading rôles on the European stage, has yet recovered its self-confidence and internal cohesion. That is why they are attracted by the notion of a federation, which would give a new inspiration and to some extent supersede their unstable national régimes. That is also why they look to Britain as one of themselves for guidance and leadership in founding a new and better Europe.

If the Assembly had done nothing else, it would have justified

its existence by laying down the political postulates of European defence. Anyone who listened to its final stages in November can hardly have failed to come away with the feeling that something was really changing in Europe. Such a frank yet good-tempered debate between French and Germans, with British and other speakers from countries which had suffered cruelly at German hands joining in, would have been inconceivable five years after the first war. No doubt the Russians are mainly responsible for assuaging past animosities, but that is not the whole story. The idea of healing the old quarrels and working together for the restoration of Europe has made a great deal of progress in the public mind on its own merits. The Council of Europe has itself done much to promote it. Indeed, the Council, and more particularly the Assembly, has established its position as the embodiment of the European idea. Having reached that point, however, there is a general feeling that the Council cannot stand still. Either it must go forward and become more effective, or else it will inevitably go back. In the first case the unification of Europe would proceed, slowly perhaps but surely ; in the latter it would lose its impetus and decline. Europe would then relapse once more into its pre-war anarchy, a mere geographical collection of weak and quarrelsome States at the mercy of the Eurasian colossus and its satellites, boring from within and probing from without.

That was the real issue running through the debates about the future of the Council. At first sight they might seem academic, mere philosophic argument about constitutional niceties which was out of tune with the desperate needs of the moment. Actually they were vitally relevant to the question whether Europe can present a united front to the threat from the east. That the future of the Council is an essential element in the security of Europe, is now seen much more clearly than a year ago. However disagreeable this fact may be to isolationists in Britain or Sweden, it cannot any longer be evaded. That was indeed more or less common ground in the ensuing battle between the "functionalists" and the "federalists". Both professed to recognize the need for European union, their only difference being one of pace and method.

At the 1949 Assembly the battle had been left drawn. Last year after two debates there was a large majority against federation on both occasions. This decision implied, not that most of the delegates had renounced federalism, but that they recognized that no scheme for integrating Europe offered much prospect of success without Britain and in a lesser degree the Scandinavian countries. In opposing any federal structure all the British delegates were for once agreed, and their opposition was decisive. Even a motion for partial federation was rejected, many French, German and Italian delegates who wanted federation voting against it, because they thought it

impossible without British participation. The doubt as to the immediate objective of the Council of Europe was thus resolved. Its approach to European unity was for the present at any rate to be piecemeal, the only approach which political realities permitted.

How then was progress to be made ? In 1949 the Assembly had decided that a European political authority was desirable "with limited functions but real powers." In 1950 this resolution was interpreted as meaning that "within the framework of the Council of Europe specialized authorities should be instituted, which would be competent respectively in the political, economic, social, legal and cultural fields." No State would be compelled, however, to take part in these bodies, nor could any of them be set up without the unanimous approval of the Committee of Ministers. The latter agreed in principle with this proposal, but referred it to a committee of "senior officials", who are to report by March 1, 1951.

In the second part of its session the Assembly made a further attempt to formulate its powers and duties. Without overstepping its "consultative" rôle, it claimed the right to be consulted before any of the Governments of its members "entered into undertakings of a general European character." This claim put forward by Signor de Malfa looks reasonable enough. Public discussion of policies affecting Europe as a whole might offer considerable advantages and might make it more difficult for the Kremlin to drive wedges among its peoples, but the governments are hardly likely to accept a categorical imperative to submit their actions to gratuitous criticism.

A much more important decision was to appoint a special committee to consider a proposal by Mr. R. W. G. Mackay, M.P., to make the Council of Europe a real parliament. Broadly speaking it would be open to the Assembly to adopt conventions by a two-thirds majority on any subject of European concern. They would then go to the "Upper House", that is, the Committee of Ministers, and if unanimously accepted, they would in effect be ratified by all the Governments concerned, and would become Acts of the Council binding on all its member States. This procedure is in fact very similar to the procedure already followed in the case of the Convention on Human Rights. That convention was passed by the Assembly and approved by the Ministers with certain amendments. Once it is ratified by the various Governments, it will come into operation and will be enforced by the Council through the European Commission and the Court of Human Rights which it is to establish. The convention will then become the first quasi-legislative act of the Council, which will be responsible for safeguarding the respect for the elementary freedoms throughout western Europe.

In certain circumstances, by no means unlikely or difficult to imagine, this might prove to be a very important duty.

But though some progress was made with the mechanism by which the "functional approach" might be realized in practice, except in the field of human rights no concrete proposals emerged. The Schuman Plan, which is the test case, remains in the air. Though the Assembly again put forward a demand that the O.E.E.C. should be subordinated to the Council, no official countenance has so far been given to that request. In other words, "functionalism" is still almost as much an abstraction and an ideal as "federalism". It has yet to be shown how far those who advocated or acquiesced in the functional solution are really prepared to make it work. If the battle has gone against the federalists, there looks like being a new battle among the functionalists themselves. The Labour Party came out as decisively against the Schuman idea as against the federal idea. When the Conservatives, through Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., tried to propose a compromise, which would facilitate British adherence to the scheme, it was rejected as inadequate by most of the continentals.

When one thinks of the difficulties which the Schuman negotiation is meeting, though conducted by people who have all accepted its general principles in advance, it is perhaps hardly surprising that more progress has not been made in the direction of European unification. It is true that the O.E.E.C. has registered a real advance in liberating intra-European trade and in establishing the European Payments Union, but these measures have not struck the public imagination. In ordinary times this would not greatly matter. New political ideas running counter to long tradition require time for their assimilation. New constitutional devices cannot be improvised without a great deal of discussion. But these are not ordinary times. The building of a united front in Europe has now become a matter of extreme urgency. Millions of Europeans believe that unless it can be done quickly they are doomed. They are looking for a new portent, which will give them new courage. Their eyes turn hopefully to Strasbourg. Their hopes were truly expressed by the enthusiasm of the thousands of students, who flocked to it from all over western Europe, demanding that the frontiers be swept away. The stony silence which greeted M. Spaak when he told them that it could not be done, that they must learn patience as well as enthusiasm, typified the disappointment that filtered through Europe, when it was seen that the Council of Europe had done nothing plain and dramatic and effective to make Europe a political reality.

That may all seem very unreasonable and unrealistic to those who sit in high places, but it is a fact which no wise politician will ignore. Least of all should we in this country be wise to ignore it. However

close our relations with the Commonwealth and the United States—and we must do everything we can to make them closer—we cannot get away from Europe. We tried to think we could during the fatal thirties, and we reaped the second war. If we fail once again to give Europe the lead which only we can give, we shall surely reap the third. Because we are the strongest and the least shaken country in Europe, responsibility for its fate lies heavily upon us. We must discard our evasions and uncertainties, and make up our minds what we really mean to do. We must have a national policy about Europe as we have about the United Nations and the United States. This policy must be agreed between the parties and with the Commonwealth. We cannot leave this vital area of our foreign relations to the futile bickering and equivocation, which have befogged it for the last two years. If the Atlantic Pact is to work, the European sector must become active as well as the American and British sectors, but that requires a greater effort on our part than we have yet undertaken. It is not only or mainly a question of men and arms ; it is much more a question of statesmanship. Unless we can give the moral leadership which is Europe's greatest need, our military and economic exertions may well prove to be vain.

A NEW EUROPEAN ATTITUDE IN ASIA

I.—AMERICA AND THE PHILIPPINES

BY TIBOR MENDE

IT is a matter of interpretation to decide when Asian-European relations began to enter their new phase. Some would select 1905 when, for the first time, an Asian nation had defeated a European power in modern warfare. In the light of subsequent developments it would seem more appropriate to choose 1929, the date of a sequel to the Russian Revolution. This, not so much because ideological Communism appeared as a coming force in Asia but rather to mark the launching of its first Five Year Plan. Over vast regions where economic advancement had traditionally been associated with foreign political influence, 1929 stands for the introduction of planned economic self-help. The beginnings of the Asian revolution of the twentieth century are in the first attempts at large-scale economic planning. Its adoption dictated a logical succession of events which were bound to spread and transform Asian thinking. Effective planning collided with those alien economic interests which directed human effort into fields inconsistent with purposeful development. It required mass co-operation and enthusiasm. To generate them, there arose the irresistible demand for social reform and the more equal distribution of both gains and sacrifices. Above all, the introduction of economic planning inevitably clashed with the liberal economic principles of free enterprise, the exportation of which had been the motive force of most conquests and colonial expansions. Planning logically implied uncompromising opposition to the unplanned, profit-motivated economics of the European powers in Asia. In this respect the Asian revolution is merely an echo of the west's own revolt against a social system based on the motive of individual gain. In the west this revolt aims at the re-invigoration of society by greater equality in economic terms. In the east it is an attempt to overcome centuries-old inertia and invoke the energy for a new departure. In the west, particularly in western Europe, it is a phase in the attempted rejuvenation of an ailing civilization. In the east, principally in eastern and south-eastern Asia, it is the endeavour to create a new civilization.

Planning, the laying of the economic foundations for these new

Asian social structures, has as yet barely begun. It is in the air, it is talked about, but the intellectual and material resources, the social *élan* and co-ordination for its realization are still lacking. The need for it, however, is more and more pressing. To Asians, the obstacles in the way of this planning appear increasingly like obstruction. The vaguely formulated desire to establish its political and social pre-conditions is growing into mass movements. For want of a better definition the west indentifies this with indigenous Communism. In reality, it is nothing more than the desire for purposeful progress. The price the west is paying for the mistaken definition is the gradual loss of hundreds of millions of human beings to the Soviet Communist system of power.

Fear of death through starvation is much more widespread among Asians to-day than anxiety over the possibility of suffering through political oppression. Quite naturally, therefore, any system likely to liberate them from the terror of the first, can relatively easily impose the second ; the more so as political power exercised in most of present-day Asia, outside the Soviet orbit, is inspired by the European liberal economic Utopia of the nineteenth century. Whether this is directly by the white man, or by the native leaders educated in the west, the system created by this motive is a negation of the desire for purposeful advance through economic planning. It is this lack of alternatives that sends the Asian masses' basically *economic* desire for planned progress into the *political* one-way-street of Soviet Communism.

* * * * *

Nationalist revolt in Asia has a past of several decades. Like all great historic movements it advanced by stages and adapted itself to local circumstances. With the departure of the British from their Indian Empire it reached the zenith of its success. What direct political control remains to-day in the hands of the former colonial powers in Asia is merely in the nature of a rear-guard action. What is remarkable, however, is that during the protracted ebbing of European influence in Asia practically no systematic attempt has been made to shape a new relationship between the industrialized western and the under-developed Asian countries to replace their discarded relationship. Hardly any serious analysis, theoretical or practical, has been devoted to the subject. The stunning aftermath of expulsion and the frightened fascination with Communism, have stifled long-range thinking. Meanwhile, if most of the renascent Asian countries are still hesitating between the economic short-cut of the Soviet system or the attempted western synthesis of economic and political democracy, it is only because in each country affected a tiny but influential minority persist in its belief that there is a genuine

western European attempt to replace the last century's discredited economic Utopia with the new, acceptable synthesis demanded by our age. In most cases this minority is oppressed by, or is in opposition to, unrepresentative systems which are barely more than mere debased variants of those which in Europe are themselves on the defensive against the ideological onslaught of Communism. Though minorities* against the actual holders of power, they are potential providers of an alternative in the eyes of the Asian masses. Without backing, inevitably they are fighting a losing battle. Their idealism is threatened by the impatience of millions subsisting on ten ounces of cereals a day.

The few attempts worked out by the extra-Asian Powers to approach this problem on a serious scale have all been made during the last few years. This would imply that they were more the result of strategic than of economic considerations. As a consequence they lacked those carefully thought out constructive features which could have promised solid results. Large-scale, adequately prepared and financed plans are still to come and would have to come quickly to be in time. Meanwhile, however, it might be instructive to analyse what has hitherto been attempted.

* * * * *

United States help to China is not a case for consideration here as it was primarily intended to rectify a military situation and, in its later stages, implied the financing of one side in a civil war. It was never aimed at the reshaping of a social or economic system nor was it planned to lead to a new working relationship between China and the United States. If it has any bearing on this brief survey, it is merely to illustrate that in present-day Asia not even a generously nourished liberal economy could stand up against the mass desire and overriding need for social and economic planning. The three examples which seem richest in lessons for the future are the United States' rôle in the Philippines, President Truman's Point 4 programme and, lastly, the British Commonwealth's Colombo Plan.

The case of the Philippines seems exceptionally significant. It is one of the few examples of prolonged American influence over a coloured and under-developed society. Its results are likely to have great influence all over the globe. The balance sheet of this long U.S.-Philippines contact was drawn up by a recent official American document.

* India is, perhaps, the only exception. There, a man genuinely devoted to the ideals of Socialism and economic planning is Prime Minister. In practice, however, Pandit Nehru is unable to realize his aims mainly because of internal pressure on the part of commercial and industrial interests. Without the hope his presence at the head of the Government represents in the eyes of the masses, social unrest in India would already have grown to far larger proportions.

In 1898 after the young and vigorous U.S.A. had defeated the old colonial power of Spain, the Philippines fell into the lap of a reticent America, and in 1899 the United States took the road toward imperialism. It should be said that, in many ways, it was an enlightened imperialism, superior to that exercised by other powers. Its achievements were truly impressive. Murderous epidemics were tamed and the benefits of modern medicine and sanitary methods were carried to the villages. Mortality was reduced and led to a rapid increase of population. Vast numbers of artesian wells were sunk and modern roads were built to connect producers with their markets. Widespread and modern education was introduced and impressive cities were constructed. To crown all these achievements the United States honoured her promise and, after the 1939-1945 war, gave the island its independence.* Under American rule the entire country has been changed, with the exception of its social and economic structure. There has been no land reform ; no attempt at the redistribution of wealth through just taxation ; no action to give a say in government to the peasants who are four-fifths of the population ; no effective measure to restrain the excesses of landlords and money-lenders and no attempt to diversify the country's one-sided production to make its economy less dependent on the caprices of the United States market.

The so-called Bell Report† was presented to President Truman to sum up the state of the Philippines three years after her independence was granted. In precise details the Report describes the manner in which vast sums of the American taxpayers' money have been poured into the Philippines, how those sums have been wasted, and why large areas of the island are now threatened by Communist-inspired peasant insurgents. It is a remarkable document, if for nothing else, to dispel illusions that all that is required to save Asian peoples from Communism is to confer upon them the external forms of western democracy coupled with the provision of dollar aid.

Post-war reconstruction of the Philippines was facilitated by American aid on the most generous scale. Since 1945 no less than \$1,400 millions have been spent by the U.S. Government in the islands. The Report discloses, however, that despite this vast dollar aid " the economic situation has been deteriorating in the past two years and the factors that have brought this about cannot be expected to remedy themselves. Unless positive measures are taken . . . it must be expected that the economic situation will deteriorate further and political disorder will inevitably result." Agricultural and industrial output is still below pre-war levels. Since population has increased

* With the grant of military bases to the United States.

† Recommendations of the Report of the Bell Economic Survey Mission to the Philippines to President Truman, published on October 28, 1950.

by a quarter during the past ten years*, the standard of living, desperately low already before the war, has sunk still further. "The inequalities in income in the Philippines, always large, have become even greater during the past few years. While the standard of living of the mass of people has not reached the pre-war level, the profits of business men and the incomes of large landowners have risen very considerably. Wages and farm income remain lower than the economy can afford because of the unequal bargaining power of workers and tenants on the one hand and employers and land-owners on the other." Though prices are at about three-and-a-half times the pre-war level "in Manila real wages of industrial workers are about the same or slightly higher than in 1941; but in the provinces, real wages in agriculture are lower than before the war." In some districts they are as low as a *peso* a day (\$0.50) though—according to the Commission—4,000 *pesos* a year is the minimum required to maintain a family on a subsistence level. Although there are great tracts of good land uncultivated, the small farmers are steadily being driven off the soil and are "now little better than peons" at the mercy of the merchant, the money-lender or the real estate speculators to whom Government loans are freely available.

Though three-quarters of the Philippines depend on agriculture for their living and agriculture provides 56 per cent. of the national income, only a quarter of one per cent. of the Budget is spent upon it. On the other hand, the Commission describes the affluence of the small commercial class. With loans at 5 to 8 per cent. the banks are prosperous and earn annual profits of 25 per cent. on their capital. While investment has averaged about a quarter of the gross national income, little has gone into agriculture. But no less than 40 per cent. went into commerce, trade and "residential construction". This should not be mistaken for housing, as the Commission clarifies that "large expenditures for this purpose, in some instances with the loan of public funds, have made no provision for the housing needs of the wage earner . . . the housing facilities are a menace to public health and a denial of human dignity."

Of the total tax revenue, five-sixths is derived from indirect taxation on consumer goods, hitting the poor the hardest. Only one-sixth is paid from corporation and income taxes. Moreover, taxation absorbs only 8 per cent. of the national income. The rich go virtually tax free, while the poor—with their wages already below subsistence level—bear the real burden of a Budget which, with the exception of primary education, makes virtually no provision for social security or public health. "The Treasury has a large and mounting deficit with taxes covering little more than 60 per cent. of the expenditures."

* 19,234,182 on October 1, 1948.

There is fear of inflation "the burden of which will fall on those struggling for a living in a land of very high prices and very low incomes." Already "school teachers have not been paid in some provincial areas." Attempting to find an answer to the inevitable questions as to what happened to the millions of dollars of aid, the Commission's answer is that a considerable part of them were "dissipated in imports of luxury and non-essential goods, in the remittance of high profits, and in the transfer of Philippine capital abroad."

For many years nothing has been done to vary the country's production or to enable peasants to raise more profitable crops. After independence, as before it, the same basic crops were grown which satisfied the interests of the U.S. importers and guaranteed high profits to the powerful financial interests who determine the Philippine market. "Little of fundamental importance was done to increase productive efficiency . . . The country still relies too heavily on the export of a few basic agricultural crops—coconut, sugar and hemp—which provide a meagre livelihood to most of the people engaged in their production."

The Report continues :

The high hopes of the Philippine people that with peace and independence, they could look forward to economic progress and a rising standard of living have not been realized. Because of the deteriorating economic situation, there is a widespread feeling of disillusion. Most agricultural and industrial workers have no faith that their economic position can or will be improved . . . the uncertainties created by these doubts are strengthened by the recent tendency toward unemployment . . . The economy shows little inherent capacity to overcome the difficulties with which it is faced.

In reality, already long ago, Philippine disillusionment had spilled over into the so-called *Hukbalahap* movement. To-day these peasant guerrillas, the "huks", number nearly as many as the Philippine army. In some provinces they are masters over large regions and have carried out wide land distributions. Despite energetic repressive measures—22 per cent. of the Budget is spent on the army and the police—this Communist-fostered movement is still gaining strength.

In contrast to the outspokenness of the Bell Report, the Commission's recommendations are restrained. In themselves, or rather because of their omissions, they supply the justification of detailed description of the Report itself. To counter-balance the appeal of the rebellion, the Commission suggests a daily minimum agricultural wage of 2.5 pesos ; the stimulation of free trade unions ; the creation of national development corporations ; temporary continuation of the recently introduced import and currency controls and increased taxation to balance the budget. It is noteworthy that the increase

of sales taxes is recommended as against that of corporation or excess profits. Nor is there any suggestion that redistribution of the land or some measure of social services ought to be introduced as remedies. Finally, the Bell Report urges President Truman to send an American mission to control the key Ministries of the Philippines whose independence the U.S.A. had granted only four years ago. Thus we arrive at the conclusions of this brief analysis.

Though the Bell Commission lays the blame for the depressing situation on the Philippines Government, even if one makes allowance for the reported corruption and inefficiency, it would be unjust unconditionally to accept this view. The Philippine Government—evidently not constituted against the wishes of the U.S. authorities—have been acting according to the American principles of free enterprise. In the absence of any planning, dollar aid, however generous, merely intensified the inherent social crisis. When some controls were introduced by the Manila Government, they came too late; the national economy was allowed to develop according to the dictates of the profit motive; for the same reason the purchasing power of the masses diminished. Meanwhile large portions of the national income were wasted on non-productive investments, and a flood of luxury imports and the remittance of high profits abroad together with the flight of capital, have aggravated inflation. The waste of the American tax-payers' money, therefore, was largely due to American-inspired economic policy.

As sincere an antagonist of imperialist exploitation as the late President F. D. Roosevelt believed, with many of his progressively-minded compatriots, that the New World could avoid these evils associated with the Old World's colonialism. According to *The Private Papers of Harry Hopkins*, he once advocated that, after the war, the old colonial powers should be made to conform under UNO to the pattern of liberal-minded trusteeship exercised in the Philippines. This, so it seems, is merely another illustration of the fact that the failure of United States economic policies abroad—but particularly in their major colonial experience—is not due (as some propaganda would claim it) to any purposeful wickedness but is largely the result of misplaced economic principles. It is the repeated tragedy of the projection of the United States' economic system, and motivating principles, on societies with totally different development, resources and social structure. To liberate colonial peoples while leaving power in the hands of a small land-owning and commercial minority and then to prop up their usually corrupt and inefficient régimes with dollar aid, is synonymous with the intensification of the class war and the promotion of Communist rebellion. It is like liberating the weak and famished inmates of a concentration camp

by removing the barbed wire while arming the guards with even more effective weapons of control.

To realize this and to act upon it, the United States would have to sponsor in Asia precisely the kind of Socialist economic planning which is supreme heresy in present-day America. Until her people will learn to face this conclusion, the chances of successful resistance to Communism in Asia with American help will remain small ; until then the existing Asian suspicions of American motives will prevail. Meanwhile the task of inspiring and helping Asian efforts to avoid the Soviet-directed solution will fall largely on the western European nations, better placed by their own development to understand contemporary Asian needs. They, however, will hardly have the necessary means to translate their advice into effective measures.

Two possibilities will remain open to them. They may devise methods by which, as recipients of American aid, they could pass on some of its benefits to Asian countries whose independence is essential both for their prosperity and their security. Or, they may increasingly adapt their economies to the development and tapping of Asia's tremendous raw material resources and to the feeding of the inexhaustible technical requirements of the Asian industrial revolution. They may do so in the distant and delicate hope that through such co-operation they might attain a degree of political freedom of action that would lessen their dependence on either of the present blocs of power.

(Mr. Mende was in India during 1949-1950. His book, "L'Inde devant l'Orage", published in Paris, has been very well received there. The second part of his article "Point 4 and the Colombo Plan" will appear in the next number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

GIBRALTAR : THE SPANISH CASE

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

THE opening of the new Legislative Council in Gibraltar by the Duke of Edinburgh on November 23, 1950, fanned into flames once more the smouldering fires of Spanish irredentism. For a fortnight the welkin resounded with press heroics in face of this new "provocation"; then, on December 10, General Franco himself took up the challenge in an interview with the Falangist *Arriba* that filled most of its front page. Gibraltar, recipient of this "pseudo-constitution", was "a fruit which is ripe and ready to fall," modern weapons having placed it "completely at Spain's mercy." If in two world wars Gibraltar was of value to Britain it was, he claimed, precisely because of Spain's benevolent neutrality; a claim that, to those who remember Spain's record from 1940 as a "non-belligerent", may make strange reading. The General's underlying theme, that "Gibraltar's limited value in modern warfare cannot compensate for the value of Spain's friendship for the future," rests on two sizable assumptions. Just how limited the value of the Rock has become is a matter for the military expert. Just what value can be attached to the suggestion that its cession now would buy for Britain the friendship of Spain for all time and in all circumstances is a matter for the student of Spanish history in general and of the inner logic of extreme right-wing rule in Spain in particular.

It was obviously not the mere sight of the Union Jack flying over Gibraltar which threw Falangist Spain into the arms of Germany and Italy during the Civil War of 1936-1939, caused her to join the Anti-Comintern Pact in March 1939, or made her play jackal to the Axis when, with the defeat of France, the collapse of the British Empire and a redistribution of the world's colonial territories seemed imminent. "In the new imperial Europe that is to follow on the smashing of England, a Europe constituted by the three forces of irresistible vitality, the German Empire will represent cosmic might, the Italian Empire the diffusion throughout the world of modern political ideas, and the re-born Spanish Empire a philosophy of Catholic comity." Such was the tone of the Spanish press, a press not merely controlled but officially inspired, in June 1940. It would seem, therefore, that for Britain to be able to count, even on terms, on the friendship of a Spain under whatever régime, she needs to be on

the winning side ; and if a factor to the ensuring of this be her retention of Gibraltar, the argument becomes circular, and unprofitable.

Other considerations are more relevant. General Franco referred further to an alleged British promise made during the war that on its conclusion the problem of Gibraltar would receive "favourable consideration". The undertaking, if such it was, was contained in a telegram of July 4, 1940, from the Spanish Ambassador in London, reporting a conversation with the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. There is clearly need here for an unequivocal statement from the British Government either recognizing the commitment then entered into and announcing its intentions in the matter of implementing it, or refuting beyond question the accuracy of the Ambassador's report and scotching in the mind of the Spanish public one more imputation of British bad faith.

What General Franco tactfully forebore to mention was Spain's improved bargaining position since the reversal by the United Nations on November 4, 1950, of its resolution of December 1946 condemning the Spanish régime and counselling member States to withdraw their ambassadors. No-one outside Spain has seriously pretended that the change of mind at Lake Success denoted conversion to General Franco's way of thinking, although that, inevitably, is now it has been interpreted in Madrid. Ostracism had failed of its professed intention, to help bring his régime down, and the integration of West European defence was widely recognized to be incomplete while Spain remained outside. Sr. Artajo, Spanish Foreign Minister, declared to the Cortes on December 12 that, with peace in danger, Spain was now ready "to occupy worthily the position which corresponded to her" in the defence of Western civilization ; and General Franco was but giving a precise content to these words in advance when he affirmed that "it is Spain's coasts, ports and air fields which to-day guarantee the entrance to the Western Mediterranean." In other words, full responsibility for guarding the Straits now rests on Spain and no longer on Britain, and Britain's retention of Gibraltar, having thus lost its main *raison d'être*, is become a gratuitous insult to Spanish pride. Thinking on the facts is our way ; thinking on his feelings is apt to be the Spaniard's. And Gibraltar is something that has got into his blood. "Gibraltar for Ceuta, and hell with the rest of Morocco !" cried Primo de Rivera in 1917, the same Primo who as dictator was responsible eight years later for the brilliant recovery of a Morocco all but lost without the exchange. "If Germany were to unite with England I should be an enemy of Germany. If France were to separate from England I should be a friend of France. For the criterion with me is not hatred : it is the geographic interests and the integrity of my country." So said

Vázquez de Mella in a famous speech in Madrid in 1915, a speech reprinted and given much publicity in 1941; and he would have had his fellow-Spaniards repeat to themselves every morning, as they started the new day, "Gibraltar, Gibraltar," the Spanish *Delenda est Carthago*. Mella was a notorious leader of pro-German sentiment in the 1914-1918 war; his significance is not to be discounted on that ground until we know the extent to which Gibraltar was responsible for placing him in the anti-British camp.

Mella was also a Carlist, ultra-Catholic and ultra-Conservative, and as such exemplifies other reasons why the right in Spanish politics has been consistently Anglophobe ever since Liberalism as a political creed came to birth in Cadiz 140 years ago. For popular suffrage, parliament, demagoguery, irresponsibility and chaos, that over-familiar rake's progress of the Spanish political scene ever since, is firmly associated in the Conservative Spanish mind with England's persistent attempts down the nineteenth century to implant in the Peninsula a political system for which it was, if not fundamentally unsuited, at least unready. To the Spanish Liberal, on the contrary, England has traditionally been the fount of inspiration and the chief pillar of support, and Gibraltar correspondingly the greater embarrassment. He can understand its importance to England; he can prefer, with Ganivet fifty years ago, the devil he knows to one he does not, and hold sincerely that to a weak Spain surrounded by predatory powers no other foreign flag on the Rock could be half so tolerable. But from this to wanting to see that flag fly there in perpetuity is a step longer than even the most Anglophil of Liberals can take, since it amounts to the desire that Spain shall never be strong enough to hold and defend her own.

All history, it has been said, begins as geography; and the tendency is perhaps stronger in the Peninsula than elsewhere for it to remain so. It is idle therefore to tell the Spaniard that the Rock has in fact been longer in the unbroken possession of England than of Spain, 247 years against 242 (counting from its final recovery in 1462 after seven and a half centuries of Moslem occupation). It is still part of Spain, and as such is written on his heart as Calais never was on Queen Mary's. Had its strategic value been properly esteemed in 709 the Moslem irruption might never have occurred; for it was here that the spearhead of the infidel forces landed, their leader baptizing the promontory with his name (Geb-al-Tarik, Tarik's Rock), a name charged ever since with cautionary and symbolic significance.

This is still what might be called the sentimental case, and the Spaniard is probably resigned to its not making much impact on the Englishman's more prosaic approach to present realities. There is another case, affecting the justice of England's claim to be in Gibraltar by right of conquest duly confirmed in successive

treaties. Gibraltar was seized on August 4, 1704, not by a Britain at war with Spain, but by an Anglo-Dutch squadron fighting on behalf of the Austrian claimant to the Spanish throne in a dynastic civil war. Admiral Rooke was the naval commander, Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt the military commander of the landing force ; and it was the latter who, on the fort's rejection of a letter from the Pretender Archduke Charles claiming its loyalty, demanded and obtained—from its garrison of scarce 80 effective men—surrender in the name of " Charles III, legitimate king of Spain." The Prince straightway hoisted on its walls the imperial banner, which Admiral Rooke caused to be pulled down, announcing calmly that he was occupying the fortress in the name of Queen Anne. A year later, to the day, Charles landed in state at Gibraltar, setting foot for the first time on Spanish soil, for such he held it, and was acclaimed by the inhabitants as their lawful sovereign. From there he continued, a guest of Lord Peterborough on the flagship of another combined squadron, to Barcelona, and once off the Catalan coast Peterborough issued a manifesto to the Barcelonese. " The Queen of England," it ran, " has sent her forces into these parts to uphold the legitimate rights of the House of Austria to the throne of Spain, and in no wise with a view to taking possession of any stronghold or territory whatever in the name of Her Britannic Majesty." When, in 1711, Charles succeeded to the Imperial Crown and England abandoned an already lost cause, she did not abandon Gibraltar. It was in England, Spaniards recall, that during Spain's most recent civil war the fear became an obsession that Germany and Italy would exact as the price of their help to General Franco bases on Spanish soil. And they were on the winning side.

The Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, confirmed this affront to Spain's territorial integrity. But not without conditions freely subscribed to by England. Article X cedes to the Crown of Great Britain, in perpetuity, " the full and entire propriety of the town and castle of Gibraltar, together with its harbour and defences." To prevent smuggling, however, it was the Spanish understanding—the text continues—that the cession carried with it " no territorial jurisdiction whatever and no open communication with the neighbouring territory," it being allowed only that, should occasions arise when the town could not be provisioned by sea, stores might be purchased over the land frontier. England undertook further that neither Jews nor Moors should be allowed to settle in the territory, and that the inhabitants should enjoy full freedom of Catholic worship. The ratification of the cession in the Treaty of Seville 1729, and again in that of Versailles 1783, added nothing and altered nothing. Britain's legal title derives therefore from Utrecht and from her observance

of the stipulations there agreed to.

English jurists may have their own interpretation of the terms of the article as it affects the question of sovereignty, the word itself not appearing in the text. The Spanish—or a Spanish—interpretation, that does not lack legal support outside Spain, is that the distinction made between “propriety” and “jurisdiction” is as clear here as it is in Grotius, and that in her specific reservation of territorial jurisdiction Spain retained and still retains full sovereignty. “The town and castle,” in this view, are not territory, but merely the buildings thereon ; hence the absence of any indication of boundaries. And the further to underline the restricted character of the cession, the article ends with the provision that England may not at any time give, sell or alienate in any way the said propriety without making to Spain the first offer. Full ownership implies full freedom of disposal.

The absence of treaty delimitation of the land frontier was duly exploited by England, in a way that to Spain has added insult to injury. When, early in 1727, the Spaniards set about erecting defences on the isthmus, the Governor of Gibraltar, General Clayton, interpreted this as an act of war, and hostilities followed. By the time of the great siege of 1779-1783 the English had established a neutral zone pushing the Spaniards back three-quarters of a mile. During the Peninsular War all Spanish fortifications on the isthmus were destroyed by the English—with Spanish consent—lest they might fall into the hands of the French invaders. Ferdinand VII, returning to his throne in 1814, began to rebuild them, only to be informed by the then Governor, General Don, that his guns would demolish them if the work were persisted in ; and Spain gave way.

The range of cannon-fire in Nelson’s day was approximately 1,000 yards. By 1860 this had increased six or sevenfold, and the new vulnerability of Gibraltar from the nearby Spanish hills inevitably stimulated to further encroachments. The Spanish Minister in London lodged an energetic protest in 1873 against British abuses on the isthmus and the progressive infringement of Spanish soil by new building. The British reply was an attempt instead to impose limitations on what Spain might do on her own territory. In 1899, on the morrow of Spain’s disastrous defeat by the United States and her eclipse as an empire, England asked for, and obtained, an undertaking from the Spanish Government not to fortify the Sierra Carbonera and other heights commanding the Rock. This notwithstanding, it was common report thereafter that in the event of war with Spain Britain had plans prepared for the seizing of such a hinterland zone as would keep the Rock and harbour out of effective range. Every detail of this aspect of the story speaks therefore of

Spanish weakness turned to English account ; and a Spain that aspires to be strong must see in Gibraltar a first challenge, if not to her strength in the field, to her strength of resolve.

Freedom of worship for the Spanish population, collaboration in the prevention of smuggling, a ban on the settlement of Jews and Moors, who as enemies of the true faith had been expelled *en masse* from Spain in 1492 and 1502 : such were the other undertakings written into the Treaty of Utrecht. Spain knows how they were kept. Gibraltar had been more than just a part of Catholic Spain. As the country's southernmost tip, pointing straight at Africa, it was a symbol of the completion of the Reconquest and of an aggressive Catholicism bent on carrying the faith across the Straits and into the enemy's homeland. Hence the famous clause in the will of Isabella the Catholic, possibly the only Spanish sovereign ever to have had a clear conception of her country's rôle and destiny, enjoining on her successors to all time never to cede or alienate Gibraltar nor anything pertaining to it. The shrine there of Our Lady of Europe, credited with miraculous powers and famed far and wide as a place of pilgrimage, was saluted with salvoes by every Christian vessel that sailed the Straits. No sooner, however, were the English troops in possession than they gave themselves up to an orgy of anti-Catholic vandalism and sacrilege. The church of Our Lady of Europe was the scene in particular of fanatical outrages. Other churches and monasteries were turned into a governor's residence, a barracks, a stores, a naval headquarters. Through the courage and devotion of its priest, the church of St. Mary alone was left unmolested ; the Governor forbade the ringing of its bells, which "annoyed him". The Spanish population shortly after abandoned the town in a body, and, clustering round the hermitage of San Roque, on the isthmus, founded the town of that name.

Gibraltar thus became a stronghold in the Peninsula of Protestantism, the struggle against which had been the corner-stone of Spain's policy, at home and abroad, ever since the days of the Council of Trent, and a centre for the dissemination of the heresy throughout Spain. George Borrow did not need to describe himself in *The Bible in Spain* as "a rock lizard, born in Gibraltar of English parents" ; the Spanish reader would have guessed it. The anglican Bishop of Gibraltar is still the official head of Spanish Protestantism. And with Protestantism came Freemasonry, that other anathema to Spanish Conservatism, which, from a first lodge in Gibraltar, soon proliferated through southern Andalusia. This contraband in ideas made of the Rock a haven of refuge for all Spaniards at issue with their Government. A striking example occurred in 1875, when the great Liberal teacher Francisco Giner de los Ríos was deprived of his chair

in Madrid University and consigned to a fortress in Cadiz for refusing to swear an oath of fealty to Crown, dynasty and the Catholic religion that offended his conscience, and English sympathizers offered to create for him in Gibraltar a free Spanish university. Here is a second wrong to be added to the territorial affront, and one much dwelt on in the Spanish mind, which sees in Gibraltar, often doubtless through the spectacles of tendentious exaggeration, a nest of dissidence, espionage and conspiracy capable of becoming at any moment a major irritant in the body politic.

As for smuggling, there has never been any attempt on the English side to conceal that for long this was the chief industry of the Rock's inhabitants, including the garrison. Spaniards quote, among others, Frederic Harrison, writing in 1917 : " For the two hundred years that we have held this town we have made it a resort of smugglers, gipsies, vagabonds, African rogues and Spanish rebels—a *sentina gentium*. As a systematic emporium for the smuggling of Spanish products into Britain, of British goods into Spain, for generations Gibraltar was notorious." And among the elements of this motley population that had surged in to fill the vacuum left by the exodus of 1704, Jews and Moors, especially and prominently Jews, are to be found from the beginning. England's non-observance of the restrictive clauses in the cession was complete.

There is now once again a substantial Spanish element in the population ; British subjects to Britain, and to themselves, they are still regarded as Spaniards by Spain. The change from " fortress " to " Crown colony " in 1830 turned these Spaniards into " colonizable natives " on a par, in Spanish eyes, with those of the Gold Coast, Somaliland or the Virgin Islands, and at corresponding hurt to Spanish pride. The constitution of 1950 gives them a limited rehabilitation as citizens, not as Spaniards, and in so doing has appeared to Spain to be flaunting anew Britain's determination to hold on to this particular jewel in her Crown.

The observations here advanced are far from being the whole case concerning Gibraltar ; they give merely the salient aspects of the Spanish case. It is a case that needs to be known. Gibraltar is perhaps the only topic on which all Spaniards are agreed, and it is certain to figure prominently in future Anglo-Spanish relations. " In the decadent days," to revert once more to General Franco's recent interview, " it suited Spanish governments to avoid the issue : under our movement this is possible no longer."

(The author is Professor of Spanish in the University of Glasgow.)

ELECTION HISTORY

BY MAX BELOFF

“THE English people” wrote Rousseau, “believes that it is free ; it is much mistaken. It is so only during the election of Members of Parliament ; as soon as they are elected, it is in slavery ; it is nothing. In the short moments of its liberty, the use it makes of it justifies its losing it again.” Whatever may be one’s opinion about the truth of this view—and in the twentieth century it may seem less paradoxical than in the eighteenth—the importance of the electoral moment in our political history would seem to justify its careful study. We may not all go as far as the Russians who used Dickens’ description of Eatanswill to convey what was going on in England in February 1950, but there is certainly a good deal of mythology to get rid of before the picture of British elections held by the ordinary non-political animal corresponds at all closely to the reality. Yet the first attempt to study a British election only dates from 1945, when R. B. McCallum and Alison Readman produced their study under the auspices of Nuffield College.

For the election of 1950, the initiative was again taken by Nuffield College for whom Mr. H. G. Nicholas has acted as election historian.* We thus have two substantially parallel studies of these two elections fought under such different circumstances. A further link is provided by Mr. David Butler—who with R. B. McCallum took part in the first television broadcast of British election results, a minor milestone of 1950—and who in this volume as in the preceding one has been responsible for the statistical side. His task was made more difficult by the fact that so many constituencies had their boundaries changed by the redistribution measure of 1948, thus rendering comparison of the results almost as difficult as forecasting them had proved—particularly when the matter was further complicated by the fact that much larger numbers of candidates appeared in 1950 both in the Liberal and in the Muscovite interest, than had in 1945. But, Mr. Butler has been more than equal to his job ; he seems indeed to have the same loving affection for election statistics that some less rare spirits have for back numbers of *Wisden*.

Mr. Nicholas was also fortunate in that having longer to prepare for the survey, he was able to recruit local observers in a more

* *The British General Election of 1950*, by H. G. Nicholas. Macmillan. 21s..

regular fashion. One such group—that centred on the University of Glasgow—has done so good a job of studying the election in that city, that their efforts have produced a separate book.* And a very good book it is, too.

In Mr. Nicholas himself, Nuffield College have found a worthy successor to Mr. McCallum. A younger historian, and one who has never himself apparently played any active part in politics, his writing on the subject lacks the intimate warmth of his predecessor's and perhaps something of the ability to see these events *sub specie quasi aeternitatis* which is essential to bring out the full flavour of British party politics. But then the election of 1950—despite the almost boatrace-like drama of the second day's declaration of results—was obviously a subject of less interest to an historian than the great tidal wave of 1945, even if no less illuminating to the political scientist. And Mr. Nicholas has an obvious familiarity with Fleet Street and with the curious new profession of "polling" that has stood him in good stead. His knowledge of American politics has not been without its uses either ; even if the result is an occasional allusiveness which may baffle the untutored.

It is certainly to be hoped that Americans will read his book and that not only for the value of the information it contains. The great thing that they could learn from it is that it is possible to write seriously about politics without ever descending into the obscurity of professional jargon. Mr. Nicholas is a neat and urbane writer ; I just do not believe Mr. S. B. Chrimes, the admirable editor of the Glasgow volume, when he says that they were collecting "desiderated information" for the Nuffield study. I am sure H. G. Nicholas never "desiderated" anything. The English language is fully sufficient for studying any English phenomenon ; and it is nice to have this so effortlessly proved.

Mr. Nicholas is not only urbane ; he is also witty. And this has its dangers ; for not all his readers will be as quick as he is. After pointing out how doubtful some voters remain as to the secrecy of the ballot, he continues : "The persistent indestructibility of scepticism was best illustrated by the examples reported from various parts of the country after the count, of ballot-papers with £1 notes wrapped in them or pinned to them—a touching evidence of the faith of honest doubt." Mr. Nicholas may understand the psychological mechanism which led to these presumably propitiatory offerings ; I do not. For me, the whole anecdote is shrouded in mystery.

Some people say that contemporary history cannot be written because of the element of bias involved. This is obviously nonsense where international relations are concerned ; and H. G. Nicholas

* *The General Election in Glasgow, February 1950.* Edited by S. B. Chrimes. Jackson, Son & Co. 15s.

shows that it is equally untrue about internal politics. One may suspect that he is not particularly in favour with the Kremlin ; but apart from that only an occasional inflection of the voice betrays other than the strictest inter-party neutrality. He does describe one suggestion in the *Keeping Left* pamphlet as "a most infelicitous scheme" but the example is hard to parallel. Certainly, one would find it impossible to judge how Mr. Nicholas himself voted—if indeed he thought that voting at all was proper for someone in his position.

Such virtues have their concomitant defects. And he is perhaps a little too careful to keep to the record and a little too reluctant to pass judgment even on matters of party tactics. He justifies the Liberals in their claim that they were unfairly treated in the allotment of broadcasting time ; all observers seem to agree on the importance of the radio as an electioneering instrument. He points out how the Labour and Conservative machines in Rugby combined to direct all their fire against the independent candidature of the excellent Mr. W. J. Brown. Mr. Nicholas does not even mention allegations that the same tactics were employed against certain prominent Liberals. Each of the major parties believed that it would be the ultimate gainer by the elimination of all other elements ; and the danger of a peculiarly British two-party totalitarianism deserves more emphasis than it gets in this book. This is particularly the case in view of his point on the importance of the "wasted vote" propaganda against the Liberals which suggests that the electorate are almost as prone to this form of totalitarianism as the Morrison-Woolton apparatus. On the other hand, neither Mr. Butler nor the Glasgow statistician, Mr. J. F. Sleeman, bear out the Conservative claim that Liberal "intervention" deprived them of a chance of a genuine majority. "No likely division of the Liberal vote," comments Mr. Nicholas, "would have produced what is normally regarded as a decisive parliamentary majority."

It is perhaps more surprising to find him so unwilling to commit himself about the relative importance of the various elements in an election campaign. H. G. Nicholas himself is obviously fascinated by the mere mechanics of party organization—his study of "election agents", those little-known Figaros of our political stage, is one of the most original things in the book—but he will not say whether he thinks that this makes an appreciable difference. In Birmingham where the Tories were strongly organized—the Chamberlain imprint lasts on—their achievement was considerable. In Liverpool, the Tory organization was weak, the improvement in their position impressive.

And what of candidates ? Does the personal element seem to

make any difference ? Clearly at the extremes it makes none. No Tory however brilliant will carry Abertillery ; no Tory however vacuous will lose South Kensington. But what of the marginal constituencies ? Both Mr. Nicholas and the Glasgow observers do their best to bring out and tabulate what can be discovered about the candidates for the country as a whole and the city, respectively. But there seems no moral to be drawn. Indeed, when one is drawn, it seems a dubious one. Mr. Chrimes points out on the basis of Mr. J. H. Warrender's investigations that Glasgow electors seem to prefer candidates with parliamentary or at least municipal experience ; but does this mean more than that their parties prefer them for the more hopeful seats ? Indeed, one gap in Mr. Nicholas' book which remains for some future student to fill, is a closer examination of how one comes to be a candidate ; is there a buyers' or a sellers' market in candidacies ? We should like to know about that.

Apart from this, he has covered the factual part of his assignment with enormous diligence. I find it curious he mentions no candidate as professing the Jewish faith. And in view of the excitement over the Palestine issue in the outgoing Parliament, and the extra-electoral activity of certain Fascist bodies, it would be interesting to know how such candidates fared. The whole subject of religious divisions could have been given more attention. By contrast, the Glasgow study is informative on the subject of the " Catholic vote ".

The only other notable omission in Mr. Nicholas' book comes, curiously enough, in the chapter on the press. There is no mention of the periodicals ; is one to conclude that from *The Economist* at one end of the scale to *Picture Post* at the other, the weeklies played no rôle, either directly or even indirectly ? If so, how odd a comment on human vanity that would be !

I would add two suggestions for the next such study—if there is to be one. It would be helpful to have one chapter devoted to a narrative day by day of events in a single constituency. After all the " national campaign " like the " national press " is an abstraction. For the real feel of things which also deserves recording, a more intimate approach should be helpful. The other suggestion is to include a documentary appendix containing things like specimen election addresses and so on—the ephemera that one is so likely to forget. H. G. Nicholas' admirable selection of cartoons and posters is on the right lines ; and a whole chapter (alas without illustrations) is contributed to the Glasgow book by an expert on design ; but this is not enough.

But such points are trivial by comparison with the work that has been done already by Mr. Nicholas and his associates in Glasgow and elsewhere. Who the candidates were, what they and their leaders advocated, how the press reported them and dealt with the issues of

the campaign (Mr. Nicholas is emphatic upon the pusillanimity of the B.B.C. in this respect) and what the results revealed about the distribution of the vote—on all this we now have adequate material for forming our views about British elections in general, and the election of February 1950 in particular.

Of the possible functions of an election in a democracy, one of them, that of enabling people to choose "representatives" was clearly, by 1950, hardly in question. The electoral system and its exploitation by the two big machines had made genuine representation whether through the choice of individuals, or through the proportional expression of opinion equally impossible. One tenth at least of the electorate were virtually disfranchised. The Labour Party's mean-minded decision to make up for the loss of some of their pocket-boroughs, by abolishing University representation—thus cutting an historic link with a more glorious past—removed the last hope of an independent voice in the House of Commons.

The second possible function—that of choosing a Prime Minister—was performed less efficiently than usual, because the margin of seats allotted to the Labour Party, if larger than their share of the votes warranted, was not large enough to give them what has previously been regarded as a working majority. It would be nice to attribute this to some deep popular instinct that what Britain most required was in fact a truce to legislation ; but in fact the party composition of the House of Commons was purely fortuitous. The votes, as Mr. Butler indicates, happened to divide at just that point where the usual rule about the British system producing decisive majorities was prevented from working by certain anomalies. It is not likely to happen again.

It is mainly on the third possible function of an election that interest should centre—the function of acting as a stimulant to political education, of providing the citizens as a whole with a conspectus of the country's needs and of forcing them to decide broadly on their preference as to possible solutions. Despite the general testimony to the seriousness or as Mr. Churchill put it "demureness" of the electorate, and despite the remarkably high poll, no observer seems satisfied that, from this point of view, the election was other than a disappointment. Nor is the matter one of mere academic interest ; it is not only important that the electorate should know what it is voting about at the time ; it is almost as essential that the Government which emerges should be able to count upon its understanding and support in whatever measures the national interest may come to demand from it. On these counts, both main parties come out badly—the Tories slightly less badly, if only because Mr. Churchill had the insight to see that the atom bomb and relations with Russia were likely to be the supreme questions for some time

ahead. The fact that the Labour leaders could see only a "stunt" in the raising of such issues is a decisive condemnation of their fitness. This is not to say that all issues are equally suitable for electoral argument—some may genuinely be "above party". Again it is true that, for much of the electorate, class allegiance settles their vote irrespective of the "issues" involved. This is of course only true in this country to a limited degree. The fact that there was no Glasgow constituency in which the Conservatives got less than 30 per cent. of the votes polled is particularly illuminating as to the extent to which the "workers'" vote is divided. But Labour candidates and even central Labour propaganda tended to fall back on the class argument. The Conservatives did not appeal, at least consciously, to a class vote to anything like the same extent. The fact that English electoral statistics (other than those of municipal elections when fewer people vote) deal with no unit less than the constituency is of course a handicap when this kind of analysis is attempted.

But even taking much of this class distribution for granted, it remains the case that the parties at least purport to be appealing to the electorate on their programmes. It may be that the time is unpropitious for a more genuine attempt than was made in 1950. It may be that a generation of Socialist propaganda has made it impossible to treat the electorate to anything but competitive bidding for slices of a national cake believed to be limitless. It may be that Labour still feels it more profitable to talk of certain unemployment in the 1930's than of the problematic aspects of full employment in the 1950's, and that their chief opponents have no alternative but to meet them on this deceptive ground. In a particularly thoughtful essay on "the issues" by a Glasgow philosopher, Mr. D. Daiches Raphael, the point is very well made that with both main parties in fact accepting the "welfare State", it is too difficult to find ways of suggesting in what sense their interpretations of its demands differ.

Clearly too, it is arguable that the economic problems—the balance of payments for instance—which bulk so large in our affairs are of so technical a nature that they cannot be translated into terms comprehensible to the ordinary elector. Indeed some of the Glasgow examples suggest that they are above the heads of the average Labour candidate as well. But it is doubtful how far into pessimism about the possibilities of parliamentary democracy under modern conditions such reflections should lead one. Mr. Raphael thinks that the electorate was ill-served by its politicians; and Mr. Chrimes points out the common failing of "political and other leaders to over-rate the knowledge of the average public and to under-rate their intelligence." One's acceptance of this view is rather fortified by a fact that Mr. Nicholas notes, namely the neglect in election addresses of

the problem of defence. At a time of international tension unexampled in peacetime, when the sacrifices demanded were being brought home by conscription, it is a little short of horrifying to find that only two per cent. of all Labour addresses referred to the problem at all. Indeed the assumption of the Labour campaign—and the other parties were only relatively enlightened—was that all Britain's problems were purely domestic, that "full employment" and the rest were the products of internal policies—that Britain's electors had the whole economic future securely under their own control. It was as though world depressions and world wars had never been heard of in this happy island. Compared with the average Labour candidate, the American "isolationist" is a broad-minded fellow—he at least admits that the outer world exists, even if he resents its existence.

One must not overdo the picture ; and clearly there were many signs of health in the British democracy that went to the polls in February 1950 ; the unimportance of narrow pressure-groups is obviously one of them. But having studied Mr. Nicholas' facts and their exemplification in the Glasgow microcosm, it is hard to dissent from his conclusion : "The election was by no means all escapism, and the cosy ritual of electioneering is not separable from the gymnastic exercises which keep the muscles of democracy from getting flabby and the rump of government from waxing over-fat. Nevertheless, these indispensable functions have often been combined—and are best performed when combined—with a frank and intelligible exposition to the electorate of all the problems of State. In 1950 that exposition was all too seldom attempted and only very rarely achieved." Nor does Mr. Chrimes differ substantially from him in his summary of the Glasgow findings : "Truths, not half-truths, are what the British people need, and deserve, and must have if they are to avoid disaster."

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TRAVELLING THROUGH AFRICA

BY S. R. CLELAND SCOTT

IN 1937 my partner and I motored from Nairobi to Algiers *via* the Hoggar route across the Sahara. Consequently we came in contact with the inhabitants, white and black, of the Congo, French Equatorial, the Cameroons, Nigeria, the Sahara, and finally Algeria ; the nearer one got to civilization the more one heard about race relations. At the end of 1948 I drove a party of four young men, three of them Americans, from Juba to Cape Town traversing the Sudan, Congo, Mandated Ruanda Urundi, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, both Rhodesias, Portuguese East, and each province of the Union of South Africa. This latter trip covered just over 10,400 miles and because of the difficulty of hotel accommodation for so large a party the trip had to run to schedule ; we left Juba on October 23 and arrived in Cape Town on December 31 with five hours of daylight to spare.

As a result of my life in East Africa together with these two trips I consider that I may claim to know a little about the African. Admittedly as far as the two long journeys were concerned I only came across a limited section of the varying inhabitants, mainly hotel and garage workers ; the latter are usually Left in politics, perhaps due to perpetual wrestling with refractory nuts, but almost without exception I found them the reverse of unfriendly or unwilling. I made a point of discussing labour and the general set-up with the countless Europeans I met in each country since it is always interesting to discover what the other man's problems are in the different parts of Africa.

Most of the discord concerning race relations in East Africa to-day seems to be stirred up by a minute but vociferous minority of Africans, aided by a few disgruntled, or idealistic, Europeans, few of whom even live in any part of this most attractive continent. A tour of a few weeks, generally by air, gives a totally false impression of what is really going on ; only by having to earn your living in a country do you get to know its inhabitants. To appreciate fully what is best for the African it is necessary to have made your home in some part of Africa, and not be a mere bird of passage with a pension only in view ; in the latter case for the sake of peace one is very prone to sacrifice principles which will make life even more difficult for the

next generation, of both colours. The Kenya settler is generally cited as one of the worst exploiters of labour in the world ; this fallacy takes a lot of killing, yet dozens and dozens of settlers have servants, gunbearers, and labourers who have been with them, some with their own families, for as long as the settler has been in the country. If these " oppressors " were as bad as is popularly imagined in England, why do the Africans not either seek other employment, or else return to their own native reserves ?

I know Kenya best of the East African territories having lived, farmed, hunted, mined, and been in business there for the last thirty years. To-day a great deal is talked and written about race relations in Kenya and Tanganyika until everyone is sick of the subject ; in view of one's own personal relationship with the African, one would consider that much ado is being deliberately fomented.

For the Juba-Cape Town trip I was billed as a courier driver and my job was to get my clients to their destination as smoothly as possible, while showing them what was worthwhile, so I set out with an entirely open mind about the inhabitants of the different countries. My previous knowledge of the Sudanese was confined to air stops at Khartoum and a few servants and drivers. Having been in Kenya two days previously it seemed strange to find Sudanese clerks occupying the bar and dining room of the Juba hotel since in Kenya no African is allowed as a customer in any hotel. This may sound dreadful but is basically sound common sense since to-day we persist in counting only heads irrespective of quality. Admittedly a few Africans are more learned, academically, than countless Europeans, and their manners and habits not a whit worse than ours. But it is a fact that any government office, full of collar and tie Africans, definitely smells of unaired humanity. As we refuse to do any sensible selection our only safeguard is to bar the lot. Otherwise an hotel would at once become a seething mass because the uneducated, pumptious, and precocious majority would cash in on principle. Few of them would have either the money or the desire to emulate the Europeans but they would be egged on by hand-picked agitators. If the European had never gone to Africa how much would the Africans have progressed in the last century ? Thanks entirely to us they now have at least creature comforts and no longer die like flies.

The Sudanese clerks I was informed could not afford to eat in the hotel but were continuing to do so from a mistaken sense of asserting their recent " rights ". Soon after meeting my party I perhaps rashly commented on our fellow customers and was at once picked up by one client who was the son of an Army officer ; maybe because he had the least money of the party he was the most socialistic. Even though I knew I would be in very close proximity to him for the next ten weeks I refused to avoid the subject. I was mildly amused

when nearing Cape Town to see that he was considerably less colour mad than when he arrived ; it is enlightening how bad service tones down racial views.

One high government official, since mercifully transferred to the west coast, used to invite his labourers to tea. Why ? In England one surely does not invite one's jobbing gardener to tea regularly ? The colour of a man's skin is immaterial provided he has some background and breeding, but to push him where he does not really want to go, merely because his skin is black or brown helps neither him nor you. Yet this is the attitude to-day, which is encouraged by people who carefully live in Europe. Similarly, mixed race marriages may be most romantic, for a time, and occasionally a good news story, but they are not only hard on both parties but hardest of all on the progeny. It is noticeable that the friends of both have no desire to continue the friendships, unless one of the partners has money or social position.

The Belgian Congo I know quite well having motored, hunted, and done a long foot *safari* therein. The Belgians have a certain amount of past behaviour to live down from King Leopold's day, but the fact is that their Africans seem happier and more contented than those of any part of Africa save in Portuguese East. The reason for this state of affairs ? They have not been taught to run before they can toddle with safety to themselves. The Belgians do not waste time and energy in telling their Africans that quite soon they can attempt to run the Congo themselves. Paradoxically, the Belgians have as little sense of colour bar as have the French.

The impression one gets is that many Belgian officials never had any kind of vocation to go colonizing ; rather that they are mainly of the *petits bourgeois*. To-day the Congo is so rich in dollars and uranium that although they pay lip service to encouraging tourism they could not care less if anyone accepts the offer or not. Mighty as the dollar is it is rather startling to find it almost spurned. Another fact which hits you in the eye is that there are no Indians to be seen, the petty trading in the Congo is done by the Greeks.

Hearing depressing reports of some of the hotels we were due to visit we switched our itinerary. We made for a guest house at Sabe not far from Kasyenyi on the northern tip of Lake Albert, having passed the magnificent native housing in the famous Kilo mines. There was only a rough track to Sabe and seeing a large morass ahead I took to the veld never imagining that such a road would possess any drainage. Carefully concealed in radiator-high grass was a magnificent ditch and the back axle of the car remained firmly at the bottom. The sun was little more than two hours off setting and I wondered whether the best courier drivers walked on for help, an unknown distance, or stayed put and lent moral support during

digging and jacking operations. My dilemma was quickly solved as along came a most cheering and unexpected sight, a Belgian on a bicycle. Yes, he was going to Sabe where there was a lorry ; he announced that between him and the lorry were numerous pugnacious buffalo, a herd of elephant, and sundry lion. He said they were not heavily hunted and I wished him fast pedalling. Work became half-hearted when one of the party disturbed a snake under a log. Near sunset a far away lion began to grunt, and at dusk the mosquitos came in clouds, delighted with so much nice fresh flesh. The lorry turned up at full darkness just ahead of an outsize storm and we skidded gaily into Sabe.

The Ituri Forest fulfils anyone's idea of Darkest Africa. It is 400 by 600 miles but the roads if narrow are good. The main attraction for tourists are the Pygmies. They are excellent hunters, otherwise, they have always struck me merely as very small Africans. Those near the main roads are so tourist-conscious they immediately strike the most wooden attitudes and demand cigarettes and francs.

My own favourite part of the Congo is the eastern portion between Lake Edward and the seven Kivu volcanoes, one of which is still active. Scenically the Parc Nationale Albert which covers this area is the best of all the African national parks : it is also best for hobnobbing with elephant, hippo and buffalo, all of which are most amiable. My partner and I are particularly attached to this park because during the war we loosed our pet lioness and leopardess there. We always hope that we will come across our lioness Ting-a-Ling as we are convinced that she would recognize us and come to be petted. I amused my party by leaving the car (strictly against all rules but we consider ourselves entitled to do this having given the park some new blood) and chasing after a pride. One feels rather a fool walking about Africa behind a bunch of lions calling " Ting ". All I got for my pains was a complete ' brush off ' from the lionesses and rather a dirty look from the lion.

The stretch from Arusha to Broken Hill can best be described as " just Africa " ; hundred mile after hundred mile of varying types of bush and no scenery worth mentioning save in isolated spots. Northern Rhodesia of course still suffers from Colonial Office " uplift "—for the African only.

Having got a few miles beyond the Kafue ferry the car came to its second and last involuntary stop apart from three punctures. Petrol would not feed ; I was about to fit a new petrol pump when along came a second providential party. They not only had every conceivable tool but a sense of intuition ; they discovered a minute crack in the main fuel line caused by the constant rubbing where it went through the mudguard. We cut the pipe and made a join by sacrificing our foot pump connection. By then it was close to sunset and

our beds were all of 250 miles away. I have done a lot of night driving in Africa but this was a singularly unexciting one. The only events of note were a half-mile ditch to ditch slide in heavy mud, and a pause literally to kick someone's cattle off the Great North Road where they evidently always slept judging by the number of pats to be seen. We swept, not crept, up to the very elegant Victoria Falls Hotel, back on schedule at 6.29 a.m.

To an East African motorist the Southern Rhodesian wheel track on mat-tarmac roads is pure heaven ; one's car suddenly becomes silent. The wheel track strips of tarmac make you neither cross-eyed nor do they mesmerise you providing you look far enough ahead. The Africans are civil and willing, perhaps because of the Dual Pyramid policy where each race can reach the highest rung on either ladder. The licensing laws are trying but the Matoppos and Zimbabwe atone for them. There is a lot of most excellent stock country and plenty of magnificent cattle, tobacco, and many mines. Cigarettes are cheaper in northern than southern Rhodesia even though the tobacco is grown and the cigarettes are made in the South.

Beit Bridge brings you to the Union. I had been assured that I would get no answer if I addressed an Afrikaner in English. This may be so, but I did not find any such evidence and I met a number who went out of their way to be helpful. Right in the heart of the Transvaal I never came across anyone who seemed to dislike me or my companions.

Apartheid or no I did not get the impression that the African seemed anti-European or generally bitter. Around Johannesburg on the Rand you have a very urbanized de-tribalized black mining population and thereabouts Europeans do not appear to wander around alone, and many carry a revolver. Once the African becomes de-tribalized he deteriorates, lacking tribal discipline; this is already in evidence in the larger towns in Kenya and Uganda. In South Africa the African has to learn two, to him, foreign languages, English and Afrikaans.

Yet I observed that you never saw any South Africans camping on their own. Camping seems extremely popular and you meet plenty of caravans towed at speed. On the sea coasts we saw tents by the dozen, with guy ropes overlapping. We all have different tastes but my idea of pleasure would never be camp in gaggles. I was given various explanations of this herding together, the least pleasant-sounding being that the African was not to be trusted. Hunting of course is a different proposition but if we white hunters find another party within a dozen miles we immediately move to a less congested area. None of the native inhabitants of the game country would dream of molesting you ; to use an old fashioned expression they are still gentlemen. I would never think of locking up

my belongings in such country and would not even feel nervous if, by some set of circumstances, I had to leave a white woman in camp alone by day or by night.

In two of the three British Protectorates, Swaziland and Basutoland, the private white man is not encouraged to do any developing. Swaziland is good stock country and rich in minerals too ; Basutoland reminded me strongly of parts of the Sahara around the Hoggar mountains, so eroded is it. For a time I was surprised to see so many cattle in a country far more suited to sheep until I discovered that you buy wives with cattle and not with sheep ; a little propaganda about running the correct stock in certain types of country might be tried ; or would this be a gross interference with Native customs ?

Cape Town struck me as the one South African town that has any atmosphere. Johannesburg is a poor imitation of New York while Durban although well laid out and extremely clean is reminiscent of Brighton in the past. My Americans dismissed it as like Coney Island. As for the Cape, scenically it is beautiful, but it would take a clever man to discover how many of the Cape Coloured are bred.

On returning to Kenya I went the straight route from Cape Town to Johannesburg and passed through the, to my mind, fascinating Karoo but then I like my Africa dry and do not mind how far the distance may be between waterholes. The national roads are superb when tarmac'd ; the others have " bigger and better " corrugations but at least the roads are wide and straight and the culverts level, unlike many in East Africa.

To anyone contemplating doing a similar trip I would make a few suggestions. First, do the trip in the reverse direction to avoid any sense of anti-climax. Secondly, do not tie yourself to a set itinerary. Apart from the possibility of illness which wrecks all hotel reservations no one can tell in advance just what will appeal and what may bore. Leave your time fluid so that you can stay extra days at certain places and skip what may sound the more glamorous in the brochures. Thirdly, do not plan such a trip with a large party or someone is for ever feeling martyred. Two can always scramble into any hotel ; large parties may be out of luck and either have a very uncomfortable night, or else have to drive on another sixty miles when already feeling tired. It is by no means a " tough " trip and can be done by anyone in reasonable health with any good car.

(The author has lived in Kenya for 30 years.)

LOGICAL POSITIVISM, ETHICS AND DR. JOAD

BY J. B. COATES

IN his recent work, *A Critique of Logical Positivism*, Dr. Joad has delivered a strong attack on the new positivist school on a number of grounds, but especially on the plea that it has a disastrous moral effect, leading to "the erosion of desirable and the growth of undesirable beliefs." First of all, in Dr. Joad's view, by maintaining that questions of ethical and aesthetic value are matters of mere personal preference, logical positivism has sought to destroy the belief in an objective order of value, the belief that some courses of action are *really* better than others, and that our duty is to follow them however disagreeable they may happen to be. Secondly by holding that value statements are "nonsensical", having no meaningful content, it has tended to weaken men's disposition to integrate their lives in terms of some value, in accordance with some dominating purpose. Thirdly, by teaching that the conception of God is meaningless, being founded on metaphysics which logical positivism has put under a ban, it has diminished the emotive force, and the effect on conduct, of a number of religious statements, such as "God is love." Fourthly, by maintaining that ethical statements, such as : "Murder is wrong" make no meaningful or verifiable statement, but merely express an emotion of horror at murder, it has tended to weaken the emotion felt in such cases, seeing that its basis is the belief that the statement expresses an objectively true ethical law. Finally, Dr. Joad remarks, the total effect of the doctrine is to create a complete scepticism about all ethical, aesthetic and religious beliefs, which cannot but have a paralysing effect on young and generous people who would otherwise be protesting passionately against cruelty, injustice and other evils.

Logical positivism exercises a great influence to-day on the younger professors and lecturers and their students, and Dr. Joad has been roughly treated in the reviews of his book. It has been suggested that he has taken little trouble to inform himself of the tenets of the positivist school, having based his criticisms exclusively on Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*, published in 1936, in spite of the fact that Mr. Ayer himself has since then modified his views. Several critics have referred to Dr. Joad's ignorance of Stevenson's *Ethics and Language*, which is regarded as the nearest approach up to the

present date to a standard exposition of positivistic ethics. It may be worth while to make a brief review of the main contentions of Dr. Stevenson's important book and then to estimate Dr. Joad's criticisms in its light. Dr. Stevenson, I might mention, speaks well of Mr. Ayer's book. He remarks that Mr. Ayer has handled his theme with clarity and discernment, and, far from saying anything particularly novel or striking, has largely repeated the views expressed by Bertrand Russell in his *Religion and Science*, in which he argued that questions as to values lie wholly outside the domain of knowledge, and are therefore not capable of meaningful discussion.

Dr. Stevenson's treatment of the problem is based on the view that significant ethical analysis must make a distinction between two types of ethical statements, "emotive" statements and "descriptive" statements. Emotive statements are expressions of ethical attitudes. Dr. Stevenson provides the following "working models" to show the nature of such statements. "This is good" in his view means: "I approve of this; do so as well" while: "This is wrong" means: "I disapprove of this; do so as well." Thus such statements not only express the attitudes of the speakers but seek to influence the attitudes and conduct of other people. Such attitudes are an expression of the conative-affective nature of man. The conception of value accepted by Dr. Stevenson is that expressed in the following terms by I. A. Richards: "Anything is 'valuable' which will satisfy an appetency without involving the frustration of some equal or more important appetency." The ethicist need not discuss the causes of the attitudes expressed in emotive statements, for that is to raise a psychological and sociological rather than an ethical question. Ethics is concerned to note that the attitudes exist, that they vary greatly from person to person, from group to group, from nation to nation, and that they vary more in civilized than in primitive peoples because of the greater differentiation of personalities and the greater complexity of the cultural situation. What it is important to realize is that in "emotive" statements men say what they like and desire in the sphere of behaviour and how they wish to affect the conduct of other people.

But in addition to emotive statements there are descriptive statements, which are concerned with the actual effects of behaviour. In the discussion of such statements we are brought into the field of fact and of science. If a person remarks: "Soviet methods of propaganda are wrong" he is expressing an attitude, but if he proceeds to deal with the effects of the propaganda on the beliefs, attitudes and social conditions in the U.S.S.R., he necessarily makes factual statements which are subject to the usual empirical tests. Dr. Stevenson shows by a large number of examples that ethical discussion tends to be mainly concerned with such matters of fact and

with related generalizations, and that such discussion frequently changes people's beliefs about fact, and by changing their beliefs changes their attitude. This is not to say that ethical discussion is by any means confined to the rational and scientific field. In such discussion men habitually use not only descriptive terms and sentences but emotive ones. An important characteristic of an "emotive" term is that it affects the responses and behaviour of persons sensitive to it. A long history of individual and social conditioning is at the back of such responses, which are frequently of great emotional force. Dr. Stevenson is by no means concerned to deprecate the use of emotive terms and sentences or to suggest that only fact and reason and not emotion should enter into our moral reactions. His task is essentially one of analysis, to help to increase our understanding of what is happening when ethical judgments are expressed and what type of logical meaning is to be attached to ethical statements. Descriptive and emotive meanings, he remarks, are almost always inextricably mixed in ethical discussion, so that a person who makes the "emotive" statement: "Murder is wrong" is usually influenced consciously or unconsciously, by descriptive meanings. What it is important to recognize is that an increase of rationality and scientific knowledge increases the extent to which a man's beliefs and attitudes come under the influence of descriptive statements. A knowledge of psychology, for example, will make a person conscious and critical of the underlying motives which affect his attitudes, while the study of anthropology will make him critical of the "culture concept" of his class or nation. Also the practice of rational discussion will prevent that rigidity, that emotional identification with traditional conceptions which often makes a person resentful of any criticism of his beliefs.

Dr. Stevenson criticizes the view associated with the name of G. E. Moore, and accepted by Dr. Joad, according to which good is an ultimate indefinable concept, a concept of intrinsic value, which is the foundation of all ethical ideas. Moore argues that if we are discussing the value of any particular thing, let us say exercise, we may say that exercise is for the sake of health, that health is for the sake of efficiency, that efficiency is for the sake of success, that success is for the sake of happiness, but that we must come to rest sooner or later in some end which is intrinsically good, which is to be valued for its own sake. Such an end would be indefinable in terms of anything else, the basis of its validity being some universal intuitive recognition of its worth. On this view "good" refers to some unique quality which can be found in all things to which the term legitimately applies. Dr. Stevenson remarks that this would be all very well if only one could identify the quality in question. But in practice "good" is used in such a vague, general sense that it is impossible to recognize any one particular universal quality to which

it can legitimately be made to refer. All attempts, amid the innumerable particular "goods" that are habitually referred to in common speech, to find a good which we can speak of as *the* good, as an intrinsic good, as a *summum bonum*, are, in Dr. Stevenson's view, bound to fail. Ethical terms are vague and inevitably so. Their vagueness is due to the great complexity of human personality and human relationships, the great variety of sociological backgrounds, and not less to the remarkable suppleness of language itself. It might be thought that if we examined a particular widely used term such as "justice", it would be possible to give some simple definition of it that would fit all cases. In actual fact the ethical, legal and social field covered by current conceptions of justice is so complex that not only is a satisfactory definition difficult to find but, when found, it is extremely imprecise and only achieves some degree of clarity when it is applied to some particular problem out of the almost infinite variety that are involved. Dr. Stevenson refers, for example, in this connection, to the many kinds of justice, such as Corrective Justice, Criminal Justice, Retributive Justice, Ideal Justice and so on. How, when we are faced with a social field of so vast a range, are we to identify some particular precise sense of the term "just" that covers all cases?

In the real business of life to affirm some end as intrinsically good seldom serves a useful purpose, and Dr. Stevenson refers with ironical sympathy to the fate of the metaphysical ethicist who imagines that it is his concern merely to affirm ends that are good in themselves and leave the unfortunate scientist to grapple with the more mundane and less lofty realm of means. We are all familiar with the naïve idealist at peace meetings who asserts in the face of the bewildering perplexity of the ethical, psychological, sociological, political and economic problems involved in the issue of peace and war, that the problem is in fact simple, seeing that we all want peace. No less naïve would be the ethicist who, resting on the Kantian logical imperative or some other absolute principle, thought in that way to shelter himself from the problem of means, involving, as they do, recourse to the whole gamut of the human sciences. The issue of ends and means is one of the most baffling complexity. Not only would it be fruitless to attempt to restrict "good" to ends and not recognize that means may also be good, but in actual life means become ends and ends become means with such persistence that to distinguish them by any general principle is quite impracticable. Not only does X, first sought as a means to Y, later become an end in itself, but X, first sought as a means to Y, often promotes, unexpectedly, some further end, Z, so that X may be sought as a means to Z no less than Y, and this is a comparatively simple case compared with the intricacy of reality itself.

Thus an attempt to discover the real meaning of ethical terms is doomed to failure. Nearly all so-called definitions are what Dr. Stevenson calls "persuasive definitions", so that, for example, when we hear a speaker explaining what he means by good sportsmanship, we know that he does so to induce us to accept his own view on the matter. Any description of what we mean by intrinsic good has always to be defended by extrinsic reasons, so that what is regarded as *not* being valued for its own sake has to be used to support the supposedly intrinsic value. Dr. Stevenson remarks that while few would wish to object in principle to the Kantian conception that we ought to do what is right, no one in practice has been able to give it a concrete meaning. As soon as it is a question of actual problems we are confronted with the difficulties arising from the variety of ethical attitudes, the complex problems of means, and the evaluation of the contributions made by the sciences.

On the problem of the relation of ethics to the sciences, Dr. Stevenson rejects the view of those who, like Erich Fromm, regard ethics as a branch of psychology. Psychology is merely one of the numerous sciences which provide material that has to be taken into consideration in making ethical judgments.

Does the picture of our ethical situation, if we grant, for the moment, that Dr. Stevenson's analysis is, in its main outlines, correct, have the unfortunate moral consequences that Dr. Joad envisages? Does the fact that it is impossible, on this view, to put forward simple and unambiguous conceptions of the ends that are good and advocate them as *really* better than others (to use Dr. Joad's term) lead to moral chaos? Dr. Stevenson remarks that if his view implied an advocacy of a sort of docile, omni-tolerance, instead of an active participation in disagreement in an attempt to resolve it, there would be ample grounds for concern, for any stable society presupposes some widespread agreement in attitudes. But he maintains that a recognition of the difference between the two main types of ethical statements promotes greater agreement by revealing the nature of the techniques by which beliefs, and, through beliefs, attitudes, can be reconciled in inter-personal relationships by rational methods. His "patterns of analysis" include a number of illustrations of methods for the removal of disagreement. Actually the false belief so often cherished that a particular person or group is in possession of absolute truth is one of the chief hindrances to a rational consensus. Thus it may not be unreasonable to hope that, given a growth of a rational and empirical approach to ethics, an increasingly nearer approximation may be reached to an enlightened moral accord.

Hume held that factually informed people tended to give their approbation to the same kind of behaviour, while admitting that self love might lead them to follow a course that they did not ethically

approve. Dr. Stevenson remarks that so few people have adequate factual information that Hume's dictum, even if true, would not carry us far towards a consensus, while Hume, owing to the backwardness of psychology and the social sciences in his day, overlooked many factors that contribute to differences of attitude. Hume was nevertheless a man of shrewd judgment, and we may be encouraged by his view to expect considerable areas of consensus, granted an increase of information and of the use of rational techniques in discussion.

I have already said that Dr. Stevenson's book is the work of an analyst, not of a moralist. He by no means deprecates, however, the function of the moralist who seeks to change behaviour by articulating important types of ethical norm. General principles such as : "It is good to act altruistically" have always played a conspicuous part in normative ethics and will, no doubt, continue to do so ; also new principles are continually being enunciated by thinkers with strong moral preoccupations. Among such is the conception of psychological adulthood proclaimed in Lippman's *Preface to Morals* and the conception of the authentic in personality taught by the personalists and existentialists. While sympathizing with the aims of the moralists Dr. Stevenson remarks that their work would often be more effective if they took more pains to distinguish between emotive and descriptive meaning ; English ethical writers, he adds, are particularly prone to confusion in this matter.

How far does Dr. Stevenson's presentation of the positivist case dispose, on an unprejudiced view, of Dr. Joad's attack on the school ? It should be said first that Dr. Stevenson admits that certain positivist writers have laid themselves open to such attacks by their incautious or unduly provocative statements ; in their eagerness to show that normative statements are different from scientific ones, they have given the impression that they are sweeping ethics aside. Carnap, for example, remarks : "The non-theoretical character of metaphysics would not be in itself a defect ; all the arts have this non-theoretical character without losing their high value for personal as well as for social life. The danger lies in the deceptive character of metaphysics ; it gives illusion of knowledge without actually giving any knowledge. That is why we reject it !" This follows a passage in which Carnap has made metaphysics include *all* value statements, so that the implication would be that Carnap rejects all value statements. Such examples, however, would only justify an attack on incautious modes of presentation of the positivist view. Is there any other justification for Dr. Joad's attack ?

I should like to mention two considerations that seem to me to lend Dr. Joad some support. Dr. Stevenson does not admit that ethical ideas can ever be regarded as having, in any acceptable sense, an objective validity. There may be at any time a wide consensus on a

particular ethical attitude, and it may well be, as we have seen, that the range of ethical consensus may broaden. But this consensus at one time did not exist, and at a future time may cease. It provides no proof of the logical validity of the statements in which it is expressed. Logical positivists only grant probable and not demonstrative truth to inductive generalizations in the physical sciences, and Dr. Stevenson in any case sees little hope of profitably extending the Keynesian canons of probability to ethics. Thus, on the positivist view, "that is true" can never mean more in ethics than that the person who uses the sentence agrees in attitude with some other person or persons.

I will quote another scientist, no less a person than Max Planck, as holding a very different view on this. Certain ethical standards seem to Dr. Planck to have undoubtedly an absolute validity. The example he gives in his essay on "Phantom Problems in Science" is that of respect for truth in scientific work and in ordinary human dealings. He says: "I want to disregard here completely the conventional lies to which people resort for the sake of social amenities. But truthfulness, this noblest of all human virtues, is authoritative even here over a well-defined domain, within which its moral commandment acquires an absolute meaning, independent of all specific standpoints. This is probity to one's own self, before one's own conscience. Under no circumstances can there be in this domain the slightest moral compromise, the slightest moral justification for the smallest deviation. He who violates this commandment, perhaps in the endeavour to gain some momentary worldly advantage, by deliberately and knowingly shutting his eyes to the proper valuation of the situation, must inevitably suffer, sooner or later, the grave consequences of his foolhardiness."

Dr. Stevenson himself would undoubtedly subscribe to this value of respect for truth; his book gives ample evidence of it. May it then not be the case that not only respect for truth but the whole body of what C. S. Lewis has called "the ultimate platitudes", the law of beneficence, the duty to parents and to posterity, the law of justice, the duty of good faith, the law of mercy and magnanimity, may have an objective truth in a sense that Dr. Stevenson has not yet sufficiently considered? He has indeed admitted the practical value of what he calls general principles of ethics. Has he sufficiently examined the problem of the source of this value? To defend it on merely pragmatic grounds is not to go to the heart of the matter.

My second remark is to point to a consequence of a certain assumption of Dr. Stevenson's, an assumption indeed that is characteristic of all naturalism and positivism. He assumes that the concept of God is "nonsensical", that it is not a meaningful statement to say either that God exists or that there is a divine purpose at work in the universe, or that the guiding principle of human behaviour

should be to endeavour to discover that purpose so that man and God can work together. It is not clear to me on what ground the concept of God is declared to be nonsensical. We are told that an idea is metaphysical and therefore meaningless if it cannot be verified in sense experience. It would indeed be nonsensical to imagine that one can experience God in quite the same sense as one experiences a chair or another human being, yet it seems clear that one can experience the presence of an order in nature and in human relationships (Dr. Stevenson's book is a contribution to the discovery of this order), and it would seem to me less nonsensical to hold that the order is based on the activity of a divine principle than to believe that it is fortuitous.

Also, while one may reasonably hold that persons who claim to receive divine grace or to have dialogue with God are mistaken in their statements, there seems no reason to hold their statements are any more nonsensical than any other evidence based on the description of psychological states. Is all evidence based on the description of psychological states to be ruled out of court? If it is not nonsensical to state that God exists, it is not nonsensical either (though it may be argued that it is mistaken) to hold that there is a moral order in the universe and that it is God's purpose that we should seek to discover it, the "ultimate platitudes" being a part of it.

These considerations, if they have value, are a strong reinforcement of Dr. Joad's view. It remains true that Dr. Joad's neglect to inform himself fully of the positivist position, his misrepresentation and cavalier dismissal of it, and his failure to recognize the useful contribution which the positivists have made to the analysis of ethical propositions, are deplorable. No one can read Dr. Stevenson's *Ethics and Language* without recognizing it as one of the most valuable contributions to ethical studies of our time. Dr. Joad, as so many of his critics have pointed out, has clearly not read this work.

(Mr. J. B. Coates is the author of *The Crisis of the Human Person*.)

MARY SHELLEY, 1797—1851

BY SYLVA NORMAN

WHEN, nearly thirty years a widow, Mary Shelley died in London on February 1, 1851, the press had not forgotten her significance—or at least what it romantically conceived as such :

“ How doubly loved because entwined with Him !
Mourn her not, Earth ! her spirit, disenthralled,
No more shall droop in lonely widowhood. . . ”

for she was, according to this eager versifier in the *Leader*, about to rejoin “ the mighty Minstrel of the impassioned lay.” In the more sober guise of prose the *Athenaeum* pointed out “ to what heights the genius of a young and gifted woman could be winged and nerved by the persuasion of such a spirit as Shelley’s.” For Shelley had dedicated to her *The Revolt of Islam* in immortal words and that, when the second half of the century opened, was a passport. Thirty years earlier the *Revolt* had been merely fuddled atheism and Mary the hysterical widow who, though long since possessed of marriage lines, was “ not received ” in the strictest moral houses. That change does not at all represent society’s tendency which from a relative open-mindedness was bogging down, in this year of the Great Exhibition, into its dogmatic Victorian code. It represents a phenomenon even more general than nineteenth century moral development : that to-day’s rebel, if he has the stuff of survival in him, is to-morrow’s saint.

Before Mary died she could be fairly confident that Shelley had taken root in the world. There was a long way to go yet ; Hogg’s, Peacock’s and Trelawny’s major biographical contributions were still unwritten, cousin Medwin’s gossiping 1847 biography, together with his attempt to blackmail Mary, only gave her pain. But Leigh Hunt missed no journalistic chance of praising Shelley—although his wife’s easy-going financial sense cost Mary more than she could well afford in loans. Youth’s vanguard, in the shape of the Apostles at Cambridge, had more than twenty years ago debated him at the Oxford Union. Browning, Tennyson, and others of the rising poetry-makers struggled, magnetized, through his nimbus to their own maturity. Busy little lions and lionizers such as Tom Moore and Samuel Rogers liked to have Mary around at breakfast parties

because she carried a good name with her. She had performed her own literary devotions—with no matter what heartbreak and remembered sorrow—more than adequately in the editions of the *Poetical and Prose Works* of 1839-1840 with her biographical and descriptive notes. And, whether or not she was fully alive to it, her son Percy Florence, only surviving offspring of those troubled years, had been collected in marriage by a lady who, worshipping Shelley, loving Mary, and at least graciously tolerating Percy Florence, was out to fight unflinchingly for the poet's honour. That campaign is another story and belongs to the latter half of the century. It was as well, in some respects, that Mary had not the lasting-power of her father-in-law, Trelawny or Claire Clairmont; she was too clear and honest to have enjoyed some of the arts and rivalries that followed. The year 1851 was, then, as good a date as any to retire from the earthly progress of Shelley's fame.

All this, though, is to treat Mary solely as an adjunct to the poet—living to-day, as Thomas Jefferson Hogg lives, as Jane Williams becomes worth remembering, as Trelawny (who would have repudiated the suggestion) keeps his place. We all know Trelawny's assessment of the Pisan circle after Shelley left it in 1822: "We degenerated apace." Shelley's wings had only to brush by, and gold-dust was on everything; so that he himself made error after error, dreaming captive seraphim and pearls in an oyster-shell where the world sees a commonplace Italian girl or a hook-nosed lawyer. Harriet Westbrook had, for one, tried creditably to be what Shelley would have had her. She had stretched and tugged at her capacity for thought and reading until some of her letters point now to a young woman of some culture rather than a plaintive growing child who had dodged school. Shelley could make anyone for the moment; as he made Hogg, Jane Williams or Elizabeth Hitchener. He made each one in an image that was partly his own and partly godhead. In the common light it melted into plainer features; the Brown Demon was an opinionated schoolmarm, Harriet was Eliza's little sister wanting fine clothes and a carriage, Hogg and Jane were content to join up in mundane domesticity when the masque was over.

But Mary's elements were mixed differently. The daughter of Godwin the radical reformer and Mary Wollstonecraft the passionate feminist was unlikely to be without distinction. She was born on August 30, 1797, when those two rebels against conformity had been married some six months to legitimize the expected child. In her make-up there were few seeds of rebellion. The sudden irruption of Shelley into a girlhood as quiet as anything could be in the mixed Godwinian household was in a sense unfortunate. It dragged her too early into a crisis and problem that few adolescents could have hoped to master. Mary especially, as an intellectual type, was if anything

supplying magical lyrics to her little verse plays *Proserpine* and *Midas*, and by urging her to write a drama. He would even have handed her Beatrice Cenci and only took it on when she declined. What time or peace for writing could she have had in that Italian ménage, moving from Lucca to Pisa, Rome to Naples, Venice to Leghorn and Lerici ; nursing sick children, losing, burying them, consoling, advising and evading Claire with her Byronic entanglement, pursuing sun and health for the ailing Shelley, seeing to it if possible that he at least might work in the Baths of Caracalla or some lonely Scythrop-tower or desert sea-shore while she argued over pots and saucepans with the "magnetic" Jane ?

The answer happens to be—*Valperga*. No one remembers, or needs, honestly, to push all through that bulky romance of Guelf and Ghibelline. Shelley had read it, Godwin had cut it—with an eye to his bread-and-butter, for he had been promised the royalties. But somehow, with all her duties and distractions, and often allowing her low spirits to invade the story, Mary had written it. The professional writer is proclaimed less by the intrinsic merit of his works than by their quantity and persistence, thus arguing a drive that is both mental and physical and will not be deflected into other channels. *Frankenstein* might have been the love-child of exuberance ; the novels of her widowhood—*The Last Man*, *Perkin Warbeck*, *Lodore*, *Falkner*—could be partly explained on the grounds of needing money and occupation in the lonely years. But *Valperga*, so dimly readable but written when her life seemed over-full and her mind pre-occupied, is the essential bridge. It proclaims her, by its incidence, not its merit, the born novelist.

It was often assumed, in later years, that with her parentage and her marriage, she must be also the born reformer. When any question of women's rights came uppermost, the name of Mary Shelley was thrown in. Of those appealing to the Wollstonecraft in Mary the most notable was Frances Wright, the radical pioneer and lecturer who was looking for congenial spirits to join her Tennessee settlement for enlightened Negro education. On such a question the mother of Percy Florence, as she so emphatically was by that time, knew her own mind clearly. She never came near to sharing the deplorable failure and discomfort that was Fanny Wright's effort at regeneration. She went no further than Paris, where she caught the smallpox and reduced her beauty, and later, with young Percy and his Cambridge friends, to Italy, re-living, as she believed, the ecstatic past with Shelley ; writing, as it emerged, an all too conventional travel book.

The reformists had judged her by her position and title. Had she chosen to incubate her grudge against Sir Timothy's harshness, against the antagonism of press and public, she might, uncongenially, have set up as a rebel. Uncongenially, for there is no denying

backward in matters of personal relationship. An admirable companion to read Greek with Shelley, she could hardly preside as a Pallas Athene over the torments of immaturity that were rending him. They ran away—and finance brought them home to face hostility. There was Harriet's situation; there were outrage at the Godwins, anger at the Westbrooks, indignation at Field Place; there were pursuivant bailiffs; there were the vulgar rich allurements of Claire Clairmont, fated exciter of the sexual urge in poets. The cares of these years should never have been publicized; now we must interpret them as best we may. Letters of both Shelley's and Mary's youth exist that serve no useful purpose. They are misleading because biographers and commentators forget that they show emotional instability at an age when a nicely-jellied virtue would have argued spiritual death. In 1811, just after the Oxford expulsion, Shelley sent rivers of swirling irresponsible theory to Hogg. Mary's aberrant letters occur after the elopement, again—strangely, or significantly—to Hogg. She was floundering for a foothold, she feared Shelley was deserting her and, bewildered by talk of free and shared relationships, believed that virtue besides retaliation were urging her to return what Jefferson called his love. Her remarks, that have so fluttered the commentators, are the most guileless, sweet expressions of young innocence. (Meanwhile she was carrying Shelley's child.)

"You know, Hogg, that we have known each other for so short a time, and I did not think about love, so that I think that *that* also will come in time. . . ." "My affection for you, although it is not now exactly as you would wish, will I think dayly (sic) become more so. . . ." The whole episode, when it goes into perspective, is so harmless that no one need try to make a scandal of it. Mary was certainly not fully grown until after Harriet's drowning. (Suicide? One is not convinced; but that is a long argument.) And yet her brain—which in the task of novel-writing was to prove Godwinian—could touch Shelley's closely enough on his own ground. While they studied the classics together, she gave him the kind of relationship he might have expected from the erudite Peacock, and this in addition to her feminine rôle. It was in that year too, that her woman's brain conceived the startling *Frankenstein*. Shelley, Byron and the crazy Dr. Polidori had been playing with thoughts of the horrific; but the moment was Mary's. So, too, arising from it, was a later moment, when she came home widowed and forlorn to England to find herself—like Byron before her—famous, because *Frankenstein* was a success on the London stage, as it was later to thrill Paris. Give Mary her due: she never went coyly giggling to her acquaintances, preening, as Fanny Burney did, that she, so deliciously young and guileless, had written a clever novel. In the matter of authorship she was devoid of vanity. Shelley had encouraged her writing—by

Mary's orthodoxy, if we may use that word without a sting. Had Sir Timothy troubled to understand her nature he might, instead of obstructing, have taken her to his heart. He wanted his grandson educated as a country squire, but not more passionately than Mary did. It was Mary who stood out for Harrow, at great financial sacrifice to herself. It was Mary who, tortured by the sufferings of bold spirits, prayed that he might be taught to think as others did. She, or circumstances, had a wonderful success with Percy Florence (baronet at 25), for he *was* the country gentleman but with distinctive hobbies, as yachtsman, photographer and theatrical manager on an extensive amateur scale. After the drowning Mary thought, intermittently, she had nothing but her son to live for. But she knew, without confessing it, life held other interests for a woman so young, so gifted, so unwilling to crush out her vitality. Aside from introspection and despairing melancholy (which she had from her mother, Godwin said) she loved parties, theatrical occasions, social life. She blossomed in company, so that years later a rather sour Trelawny whose suggestion of marriage had been brushed aside could report jealously : "She lights up well at night."

To expect complete emotional clarity from this woman of many facets would be foolish. Her objects, freed from Shelley's fanaticism, veered and fluctuated. She had soon enough begun, through expediency, to recognize her nature. Eight months after Shelley's death she had written, no longer the adolescent, to her old if tattered comrade Jefferson Hogg : "I believe you know my character sufficiently to be aware how deeply it is tinged with irresolution and an incapacity of action." She had learnt—as her father had in a more material way—to lean on Shelley who had borne the agonies and perplexities of so many. Now she was helped, but tortured too, by the survivors, some of whom fostered the idea that she had failed the poet—failed him more reprehensibly than each human who, by grace of being a separate entity, fails to cohere meekly with another. She too could be hurt, and had been, during Shelley's lifetime. Like Shelley she had rarely been at peace. There was no need that her kind friends in their shocked bereavement should have driven her to write long, self-accusing verses in the Genoese winter as she crouched miserably over the Hunts' inadequate stove.

That Mary never re-married was partly, not entirely, by design ; for youth and instinct were attracted by bright plumage. Fine feathers were not absent. There was B. W. Proctor, handsome, bursting into verse as "Barry Cornwall"—but he married. There was, possibly Lord Dillon, striking and chivalrous and a poet as well. He died. More persistent was her lone infatuation for the barely-glimpsec American Washington Irving, whom she tried to reach through her admirer John Howard Payne. (To Payne she was impervious, and so

did not end in Tunis as an American consul's wife.). It is said that in 1828 Prosper Mérimée offered his heart in a letter which she returned "*parce que je ne suis pas coquette*." One trouble at least, with the Italian rogue Gatteschi, showed her deplorably or divinely gullible.

If Mary vacillated around mood and impulse, duty and friendship, intellect and frivolity, she kept to the end a personal dignity and a negative courage. If the Medwins, Moores, Trelawnys buzzed with such clamour at her brain and memories, it was a crooked form of acknowledgment and respect. She would always—she *will* always—bear a torch as Shelley's widow. By the grace of that she gained adherents who found that Shelley's major choice had not been idle. When the wasps and furies cease their petty torment the voting is very much the same to-day.

SCHUBERT'S NINTH SYMPHONY

BY MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Where is the forest, through whose echoing glade
These hollow horns, these horns blowing to lift
The heavy and enamelled leaves which hang
Like tapestry from bole or knotted branch ;
Where, printing the virgin soil with golden hooves
A drove of does, white as the unicorn
Dazzle and vanish, as the snow in spring
Unvulnerable still and unafraid ?

Who is the huntsman, pausing on the fringe
To raise the horn and blow ? Whose is the ear
Which holds the echo, golden as the horn ?
The hounds, tawny or dappled like the dark
Fritillary whose livid bell hangs here
By silent waters ? Oh, here he stands for ever
Inviting the arrow, the proud, immortal stag
Whose high crown holds the summit of desire.

FRENCH CANADIAN CULTURE COMES OF AGE

BY W. E. GREENING

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of life in present-day Canada is the presence in the Province of Quebec of almost four million Canadians of French stock who have preserved their own language, their customs and outlook in a manner which sets them completely apart from their fellow North Americans in English Canada and in the United States. The French Canadians have succeeded in preserving their Latin and Catholic brand of civilization during the past three centuries since the era in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the first settlers from France set foot on the shores of the St. Lawrence. From a mere handful of colonists, they have gradually grown and expanded until the territory inhabited by the direct descendants of the original settlers covers not only the province of Quebec but also large sections of the Eastern Canadian provinces of Nova Scotia and Ontario and the adjacent New England States. If their population increase continues at its present rate, in a few more decades they may become the dominant majority racial group in the Dominion of Canada. To-day their national culture is flourishing more vigorously than ever before and there are abundant indications that it is they rather than the Canadians of Anglo-Saxon origin which may make the most distinctive contributions to the sum of world civilization in the near future.

The very survival of the French Canadian way of life, during the century following the British conquest of Canada in 1763, was nothing less than a miracle. The people of Quebec were for a long time cut off from all direct contact with the parent source of their culture—France—and the economic, the military and to a large extent the political institutions of the country were in hostile and alien British hands. Yet with a stubborn tenaciousness, which is almost unparalleled in history, they managed to keep alive and to develop the traditions and institutions which had been handed down from the France of Louis XIV.

By the middle decades of the nineteenth century, the struggle for national preservation had been definitely won and it had been decided that Canada was to have two languages and national cultures instead of one. There was a great upsurge of French Canadian national feeling which accompanied the fight of the people of Quebec to get

complete freedom of English control in the management of their own internal political affairs. This nationalist awakening had important effects in the field of literature. For the first time in the history of Canada a notable school of native French Canadian writers came into being among whose important members were the historian Garneau and the poets Octave Crémazie and Louis Fréchette. The works of these men, although strongly influenced by Victor Hugo, Michelet and Lamartine, dealt with Canadian themes and reflected the influence of the native Quebec environment in a way which set it quite apart from the literature of nineteenth-century France.

The poetry of this school, although it possessed some admirable qualities of grace and lyrical charm, yet suffered from the limitations of the French Canadian outlook at that period. All of its members were fervent French Canadian nationalists. They believed ardently in the future progress of French and Latin civilizations and they regarded their native province as the standard bearer of this culture in North America. They saw themselves as nationalist propagandists whose task it was to awaken their fellow citizens to a greater pride in the Quebec way of life and to a greater knowledge of the glorious French Canadian past in the face of the encroachments of Anglo-Saxon culture. As was natural among a devoutly Catholic population, their verse had a strongly religious tinge and stressed the rôle of the Church as the preserver of national traditions and as the cultural leader of the community. Much space was devoted by them to the colourful and romantic past of the province, to the deeds of the early explorers and missionaries, such as La Salle and Marquette, who brought the first blessings of European civilization to a huge tract of the North American continent. One finds here a perfect reflection of the simple and uncomplicated rural pattern of life in French Canada at this period—a region of isolated, self-sufficient villages, which had small contact with the outside world, where the daily pursuits of the people had changed little since the seventeenth century and where the word of the local *curé* was still powerful. There is much praise here of the virtues of country life, solidity, conservatism and the rôle of the past and of the family which has always been so strong in French Canada. Its moral tone was stuffily provincial and Victorian in the worst sense of the term, characterized in the Province of Quebec by a particularly austere brand of Catholicism which in its severity and rigidity can be compared with the equally restrictive Calvinism of seventeenth century New England.

But with the advent of the twentieth century this traditionally fixed pattern of life in the Province of Quebec was disturbed and altered by a host of new influences emanating both from English Canada and from the United States. English and American industrialists and financiers in search of new fields of conquest began

the large scale development and exploitation of the vast natural resources of the province—its forests and minerals and hydro-electric power. During the past 30 or 40 years this process of industrialization has revolutionized almost every phase of activity in French Canada. The old isolated rural economy is fast disappearing, to be replaced by myriads of growing industrial towns and cities, by such gigantic undertakings as the mighty aluminium and electrical power developments on the shores of the Saguenay River north of Quebec City. The automobile, the wireless and the cinema have also helped to break down the Chinese Wall which has separated this region from the modern world for so many decades.

This process of change was greatly speeded up by the 1939-1945 war in which Canada's industrial and military participation were so important. After the fall of France in 1940, there was a large exodus of intellectual refugees from the banks of the Seine to those of the Saint Lawrence. Although many of these newcomers made themselves decidedly unpopular in French Canadian circles because of their frank and unflattering comments on aspects of French Canadian life, which seemed to them to be crude and provincial, yet they performed a valuable service by bringing the intellectual *élite* of the Province of Quebec into close contact with the latest trends in literature and in the arts and philosophy in France and other western European countries. Another beneficial effect of the war was the establishment in Montreal of a native Canadian publishing industry which produced books printed in French for sale both in Canada and in the regions of the world such as the Latin-American republics where French cultural influence is strong and widespread.

The combined result of all of these very diverse influences was a sudden awakening of French Canada from a long continued state of intellectual torpor. During the years since 1940, there has been a great blossoming of Quebec literary talent. In the last decade, more new writers of great promise have appeared in Montreal and Quebec City than at any previous period since the nationalist revival of the nineteenth century. At least four new literary figures—all writers of fiction—have made their appearance, whose work in its general quality ranks with the best that has been brought forth in France and the United States during the same period. These include—Ringuet (Dr. Phillipe Panneton), Gabrielle Roy, Roger Lemelin and Germaine Guevermont. These authors have broken new ground in immensely widening the scope of the subject matter of French Canadian literature. The Quebec which they describe for the most part is not the tradition-laden land of simple rural piety described by the nationalist school but a region which has been invaded by all the most crass and unpleasant aspects of modern industrialism. The squalor of the urban slums resembles the worst horrors of the cities seen in England and Europe

in the early days of the industrial revolution. In them is mirrored the strong conflict between traditional and modern attitudes and customs which is so typical of mid-twentieth century French Canada.

The *Bonheur D'Occasion* by Gabrielle Roy—which has been translated into English and won wide critical acclaim in the United States under the title of *The Tin Flute*—is typical of this new approach. It is a description of working class life in the sordid and joyless tenements of Canada's largest city, Montreal, and of the mentality of the new French Canadian working class which has come into existence during the past 20 years. Although presenting a terrible picture of unrelieved drabness and exploitation, yet the gloom of its general tone is relieved by the author's deep compassion for her characters and for the hopeless situation in which they have been placed by fate. The *Trente Arpents* by Dr. Panneton, another of this school, represents the first attempt to describe rural life in the Province of Quebec in a truly realistic and objective manner and to show the seamy and unpleasant features which lie behind the smiling façade—the ignorance, the poverty and the unrewarding back-breaking physical toil. Dr. Panneton's most recent novel the *Poids de Jour*, which was published in 1949, studies the new urban French Canadian middle class and its attempts to fit itself into English and American patterns of life. In the power of its characterization and in the unsparing honesty of its realism it is generally regarded as one of the best works of fiction that has yet appeared in French Canada. Roger Lemelin is in some ways the most interesting member of this group. He has produced thus far, two novels *Au pied De La Pente Douce*—which has been translated into English and published in the United States under the title of *The Town Below*—and *Les Plouffe*, both of them satirical studies of the careers of lower class, French Canadian town dwellers in Quebec. Here he shows a gift for humorous and grotesque characterization and a mordant irony which recall at times such diverse writers as Dickens and Guy de Maupassant.

All these authors in their approach towards the current French Canadian scene show a breadth of outlook and a willingness to see life as a whole which puts them far above the older literary figures of the nineteenth century and which shows the extent to which French Canada has advanced towards cultural maturity, and towards a critically self-conscious attitude during the past 30 years. There are the beginnings here of a school of social criticism in fiction which resembles the work of such men as Theodore Dreiser and John Steinbeck in the United States. Roger Lemelin's novels in particular show marked tendencies in this direction. They are full of subtle mockery of the more bigoted and fanatical types of the local Catholic clergy who have played such a notable rôle in the development of the

nationalist movement. He also ridicules the self-defeating futility of much of the nationalist anti-British political agitation which was so widespread in the province during the war years. Gabrielle Roy's novel contains much indirect criticism of the process of the industrialization of the province, which in her opinion, has contributed to the spiritual and material degradation of the French Canadian masses. These novelists are but the most significant in a long list of poets, essayists, historians and short story writers. Vivid as is their work, one feels that they have but scratched the surface of the tremendous potentialities for fictional material in the varied Quebec scene with its sharp contrasts between different civilizations and outlooks.

This intense cultural activity in French Canada has been by no means solely confined to the sphere of writing. Strong evidences of new talent and of new approaches are also to be found in the drama and in the plastic arts. The development of the acted drama of course labours under great difficulties in a country of the nature of Canada with its sparse and widely scattered population and its lack of large urban centres such as Paris and New York. Yet it has already produced at least one important figure in the world of the theatre—Gratien Gelinas—whose ability in all branches of dramatic art, production, acting and writing verges on genius. His comedy *Tit Coq* which has had a record run in the City of Montreal, performed both in French and in English, is an intensely amusing and yet pathetic picture of the life of a typical Montreal waif of the streets. Montreal now has one of the finest repertory companies acting in French outside the borders of France and in future years it may possibly rival New York City as a centre of theatrical activity on the North American continent.

Ever since the French colonial period the people of Quebec have always shown great aptitude in the plastic arts. Here, they have been able to conserve a precious heritage derived from their former mother country. Right down from the seventeenth century, they have always kept alive a tradition of high artistic craftsmanship, of high quality especially in such crafts as wood and stone carving and sculpture. The folk crafts which are still practised by the rural population in Quebec, such as weaving and rug making are almost unique in twentieth century North America; this type of work was left behind with the advance of the machine.

As long ago as the early years of the present century a notable school of native painters arose in French Canada which adapted the techniques of French impressionism to the treatment of the Quebec rural scene. Of late years, however, the productions of French Canadians in the field of painting have not been as notable as those in the literary realm. The local artists have not yet fully succeeded

in digesting doctrines and elements of style of the newer schools such as cubism and surrealism and in fusing them together with native elements into an original manner, but some powerful and interesting work is being produced which augurs well for the future.

On the whole, the possibilities of cultural development are much greater in the Province of Quebec than in English Speaking Canada. As we have seen, the French Canadians have been able to evolve a national culture and view-point in a way that has been denied to their Anglo-Saxon fellow citizens. Their devotion to Canada is intense if a trifle narrow. They are Canadians first and foremost, while many of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, Ontario and the other English provinces are British first and Canadian a long way afterwards. External cultural influences mainly from Great Britain and the United States have been so strong and all pervading in English Canada that they have greatly slowed down the development of native literature and art. This is especially true of the pressures emanating from the great republic to the south since Canada is continually deluged with a never-ending flood of American books, magazines, newspapers, films and wireless programmes. However, American penetration has never been as strongly felt in the province of Quebec as in other regions of Canada, and the French Canadians have been much more successful than English Canadians in putting up a resistance against its onslaughts. English Canada in recent years has been the breeding ground of a number of authors of distinction, such as the poets E. K. Pratt and I. M. Klein and the novelists Moreley Callaghan and Hugh MacLennan, but their work in vigour and freshness of outlook does not measure up to the output of their fellow writers in French Canada. English speaking Canada to-day is to a much greater degree a cultural colony and outpost of England and of the United States than Quebec is of France. Thus French Canada, in recent years, has brought a new note into the literature and art of North America and of the world—a note which reflects the individual nature of French Canadian civilization—not completely of the Old World and not completely of the New and representing a blend of British, American and French influences with something that is distinctively and completely its own.

(Mr. Greening writes from his home in Montreal.)

THE OLD COUNTRYMAN

By C. HENRY WARREN

THE barn is so dark inside that at first one does not notice him. The place seems empty, except for a robin flitting between the beams, and even the robin is only discovered by the thin noise it makes and by the quick flash of it as an impeding sun-ray restores its lost colours. But the eye gets used to the darkness, and then one sees him down there in one of the bays, sitting on the floor, his legs stretched out in front of him and his back supported by the dusty uprights.

He is eating his dinner, and even in this ordinary act he reveals his kind and calling. His dinner consists of a quarter of a loaf and a hunk of cheese, with a can of cold tea to wash it down. But it is the way in which he eats it that is revealing. The bread he puts between the thumb and two forefingers of his left hand, the cheese between the little finger and the palm. With a large clasp-knife he cuts alternately a slice of bread and a slice of cheese, eating them directly off the knife. When he first went to work in the fields, as a youngster, this was already the way he ate ; and nobody had told him how—any more than he was told how to tie a faggot or weave a corn dolly or bud a briar out of the hedges.

He learned with his hands, as others learn with their heads. It might almost be said he lived with his hands. (Was he not called a farmhand ?) Yet take a look at those hands. They do not seem as if they would be apt to learn. The knuckles are knobbled, the veins stand out, there are great cuts and callouses all over the skin, and the broad finger-tips, one would say, have little feeling in them. All the same, it was through these that he learned the manifold crafts of the fields ; and one has only to watch him at work in any one of them, now, in his seventieth year, to appreciate how wonderfully they have served him.

When he has eaten his bread and cheese, and emptied his can of tea, he folds his arms and shuts his eyes. He does not sleep—though probably the mouse thinks he does, as it comes nibbling the crumbs near his boots and even climbing over his broadcloth trousers ; but he could not be more still, if he were asleep. For he knows, like second nature, the art of relaxation : all his body slumps into ease at will ; the hard oak stud behind his head is pillow enough.

It is unlikely that any thoughts disturb him in his repose. At most his mind is occupied with a confused panorama—pictures of such familiar things as the fields where he works and the cottage to which he will return when his work is done. Or, if thoughts there are, they will go round and round the same subject—an illness in the family, an imagined injustice, a scrap of gossip he has heard, or an inconclusive argument in the pub last night—round and round like an animal in a cage.

At length he slowly rises, hangs the can on the wall, and goes out into the fields. He scarcely notices the weather ; or, if he does, it is more for the crops' sake than for his own. It is the same with him always. In winter he will be threshing clover seed in a bitter north wind, feeding the drum and surrounded by a choking cloud of chaff and smoke ; but those knobbly fingers, naked to the icy air, will close round the handle of the pitch-fork with little loss of feeling. Or in summer he will work in the corn from morning till night, with no let from the blazing sun, and the clothes he wears then will be much the same as those he wore in winter—the same thick waistcoat, which he never removes, and the same heavy trousers, so stiff that they would almost stand up of their own accord.

One would think him immune to the weather ; but it is only necessary to see him walking down the lane, knees well apart, back bent, to appreciate the toll it has taken. Not immunity but an almost animal endurance has enabled him to take all weather as it comes, never seeming to notice it.

The fields in which he works are known to him with an intimacy the farmer himself, though he owns them, most likely could not match. After all, it is he who ploughs and sows and reaps them, year after year. He can tell what crops have been taken off them for many seasons back, their kind, their quality, without any need to consult the account books. Nor is it the fields themselves he knows so well, but also the hedges and ditches and brews where he goes rabbiting on a Saturday afternoon, reporting on his return a blocked drain here and a gap in the hedge there.

It is this close familiarity with every acre, every road, that binds him to the place, so that he has never wanted to move to another job and now, in his advanced years, is not even interested in anywhere outside his immediate surroundings. And indeed how could he be other than unambitious who never had the chance to rise ? Directly he left school he was put to work on the farm, and with his first small wages he bought a lifetime of bondage—not so much to the farmer as to the fields. These are his proper master, always have been, and will be until he dies.

From the other side of the parish comes the sound of the church clock striking five. He pulls his old bicycle out of the ditch where it

has lain all day and rides home to his cottage. When he was younger he used to walk, like all the other farmhands in those days, and his way home rarely brought him out on to the roads. But he has a bicycle now ; this much concession at least he has made to the machine age. (In any case, those paths across the fields, worn by countless generations of farmhands, are mostly ploughed up now, only the memory of them remains.) Even on a bicycle, however, he retains his peasant slowness, so that it is a wonder he does not fall off the machine, so creeping a pace he keeps.

And when he has clicked his cottage gate behind him and put his bicycle in the ramshackle shed, he takes a tin bowl of water out under the old apple-tree, tucks a towel in his leather belt, turns his collar band in, and proceeds to wash himself. Never horse was harder rubbed than he rubs himself with the towel, till his skin shines—and especially the pale forehead which he never exposes to the sun. That pale forehead, so sharply defined, is indeed startling ; one had not realized till now how all the rest of him, face, arms, hands, is saturated, seven skins deep, with the weather. Nor had one realized, since one seldom sees him without a hat, how white and thin-spun is his hair. Now he might be called handsome. Those blue eyes are bright with other than intelligence ; they are eyes to search the landscape, miles ahead, eyes to detect the slightest movement in the grasses, the smallest, betraying footprint in the clay.

But for all his washing and splashing, when he goes indoors to tea he still smells of the fields. It is his clothes that smell, of soil and roots, of meal and manure, of things growing and things decaying, of animals, and of all that appertains to the earthy tasks of husbandry. They are saturated with the essence of these things, so that neither winter rains nor midsummer suns (nor all the vigour of the Monday wash) can cleanse it away. He carries this smell with him wherever he goes, and when he has gone you may track him down by it, as dogs will track a fox. That old hat and coat of his, hanging on the nail behind the door, proclaim him in absence, so that even the odours of cooking cannot dispel the smell of him more than for an hour or two.

That hat and coat—they are worth a second look. The hat is as out-of-doors as the bark of a tree, which it rather resembles in texture, and so old that the wonder is it does not fall to pieces. And the coat : where, these days, is such a garment to be bought ? For it is entirely without shape, and how is one to describe its colour ? So earthy it is, so at one with the elements, that he has only to put it on to be lost at once in his surroundings. As for any sign of its original tailoring, he might just as well wear an old sack, which indeed he often does. It rains and he grabs the first sack that comes to hand and ties it round his waist with a bit of binder twine ; then he takes another sack and throws it over his shoulders. Or, more likely, he

will push one corner of the sack into the other and wear it over his head and down his back : thus attired he looks the spit and image of his hooded medieval forbears.

He is Piers Plowman still—the same to look at and very nearly the same inside. For the most characteristic thing about him, when all is said, has been his essential changelessness throughout the centuries. But now he is the last of his kind. The times that bred him have all but run out—at least in this country. Slowly, inexorably, the urban and the rural ways of life are merging ; the English peasant will soon be a figure of history only.

He has had his tea now and is a free man. In the matter of what to do with his leisure, however, he is in a sort of no-man's-land. His fathers knew well enough what to do with theirs, in so far as they ever had any. The cottage gardens, the country crafts, from flail-making to the fashioning of straw ornaments, the old songs, the regional games—these all bear witness to their resourcefulness and gay invention. But, except for his garden and allotment, he has lost the zest for these simple things. His fingers, though still cunning, fashion no country toys, his feet tread no morris, his lips spell out no song.

And shyness, or unfamiliarity, or obstinacy, or a blend of all three, withhold him from entering into the amusements that have taken their place. The ' pictures ' come to the village once a week but he never goes to see them. He has a radio set in his cottage, but he seldom listens to anything but the weather forecast, which he doubts, and to the news, which for the most part he does not understand. (The only news he understands is in the local paper, where he can read about familiar faces and places.) There are summer 'bus excursions from the village to the seaside, but he never goes with them. Even in the pub he sits apart or with a few similarly conservative cronies, and his talk there is mostly a glorification of things past at the expense of things present.

He is in fact fundamentally out of sympathy with the times in which he now finds himself living. Especially is he out of sympathy with the modern trend of things on the land. The farmhands of to-day, for instance, seem to him all wrong. For him, work on the land was a way of life as well as a means of livelihood, and he can scarcely be expected to understand a generation for whom it is merely a return made for certain wages—a task which they are set and in the eventual outcome of which they are not interested. His private life was integrated with the life of the fields ; and he cannot even begin to sympathize with an attitude which strictly separates the two. So here he is, caught between the old and the new. His native resources are now often closed to him, and he never had the education to develop new ones. Under the strain of this inhibition he is, therefore,

constantly on the defensive, doubting most things and mistrusting most people. And yet, deplorable as this may be, he is hardly to blame for it. He was cast in a certain mould too long ago for the shape to be altered now. He shares the fate of all who, for whatever reason, have been unable to keep up with the times. In short, he has outstayed his welcome.

How then does he spend the increased leisure which, in common with the generation that fought for it, he now shares ? In the darker months it has to be confessed that he finds very little use for it, save to doze the lamplit hours away until it is time to go to bed. But in the lighter months he knows well enough what to do with it. He is happier in his garden or allotment, continuing there an intimate version of the kind of work that has occupied him all day, than he would be in a cinema. And when he is tired of this, and there is still light enough, nothing pleases him better than to sit just inside the front door of his cottage watching the world go by. Behind him, in the dusk of the little room, two china dogs gleam whitely on the side-table, and a fire (for even in summer he keeps a fire going) flickers softly over the low ceiling. Passers-by, if he knows them, will lean over the rounded hedge-top and talk with him awhile ; or he will scrutinize every vehicle that goes down the lane, discussing with his wife unendingly whose it was, where it came from and whence it was going.

But the light begins to fade at last and it is time to go to bed—for it is a strict rule with him to burn no lamp in the summer. One careful look he takes up and down the lane, gives his old dog a good-night pat in its kennel, then turns the enormous key in the front door ; and the cottage is silent till dawn.

To The Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY

NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA

Sir,

I have just received your December number and read Mr. L. E. Neame's article on Nationalism in South Africa. He has said nearly all there is to be said in defence of the racial policy of the present Government and has frankly conceded that its motive is to preserve white political supremacy. Many others besides "vague idealists" and the men of the Kremlin find this too limited and unethical an outlook. Even if the charge of Naziism is too sweeping, the essence of the *Herrenvolk* doctrine is there; because the test of colour overrides all considerations of merit.

But on his own ground Mr. Neame's article contains important contradictions which may not be obvious to English readers and which throw serious doubts on the good faith of the architects of *apartheid*. I will mention only two.

First, he quotes Sir H. H. Johnston as saying that world conscience and native opinion would probably (in 1907) allow white men to retain South Africa, if the black races are guaranteed possession of the land and its profits in tropical Africa. But, apart from many other implications of this opportunist view, Mr. Neame destroys his own case a few paragraphs later by admitting that the *apartheid* principle is now (1950) approved by Europeans in the Rhodesias, Kenya and Tanganyika—the fairest and most fertile areas of tropical Africa.

Secondly, Mr. Neame considers the policy of *apartheid* may not be wholly practicable. A few paragraphs earlier he wrote: "If it is to be fairly applied the natives must be given adequate reserves—at present they cover an area larger than England—and be helped to create a suitable economic structure within them." The analogy from the area of England is presumably intended to convey the impression that the native reserves are already very extensive, which is true. But, the soil of S. Africa being very much less fertile than that of England, the present acreage is quite inadequate to provide for the present population of the reserves (about 40 per cent. of the native population). The reserves only amount to a little over 10 per cent. of the Union's land surface. Fourteen years ago General Hertzog's Government decided to increase them by 7 million acres; but it has only been possible to buy less than half that extra area because of opposition from white farmers and much of what has been bought is poor land, which overstocking and bad farming methods will quickly reduce to desert.

I have stressed this question of land, because it is one of those fundamental objections to *apartheid* which make it wholly impracticable. Equally fundamental is the question of cheap labour for South African industry and agriculture.

What would English historians and others have to say had the leisured classes of England, 20 years before the first Reform Bill, branded the working classes with some visible and hereditary distinguishing mark (such as skin colour provides) and declared that, whereas the latter were at liberty to look after themselves in certain secluded areas (which would not encroach upon the aristocracy's broad acres) and even (without capital resources) to develop industries there, they and their children and their children's children could never, whatever their ability, attain the rights of citizenship, political representation or employment in other than a menial capacity in the established structure of the State?

Yours faithfully,

C. W. M. GELL.

Rustenburg, Transvaal, S. Africa.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE SOVIETIZATION OF EASTERN EUROPE

By EWAN WALLIS-JONES

LONG before the Allies defeated Hitler and so shattered the German *Grossraumwirtschaft* design it became obvious to all who thought about post-war problems that fundamental social and economic changes in Eastern Europe were inevitable. The direction in which progress for the poverty stricken countries of the Balkans lay was also clear; they needed land reform and an industrial revolution. Yet such realizations played no part in the wartime strategy of the western Allies and their failure to make a more realistic appreciation of all but the most immediate military factors largely explains why their political warfare proved so inept in comparison with that of the Soviet Union. Acting on a better diagnosis Russia supported and guided the political forces of progress, working almost exclusively through the sometimes vestigial native Communist parties, while the western Allies committed themselves to politicians who, lacking any constructive or progressive ideas, rapidly lost the slight popular support which they inherited from an outmoded and widely detested pre-war political order. Thus in 1945 Russia began to reap the fruits of victory; eastern Europe was ripe for sovietization, and against it the west sought only to oppose changes in order to resist Soviet influence and encourage a return to a vanished normalcy.

It is only recently that the grand design behind the welter of dramatic political events and social convulsions which followed has become visible and Mr. Seton-Watson's book* now performs the very necessary task of

recording this particularly intractable piece of contemporary history. He covers the seven "popular democracies" (Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Albania, Hungary and Bulgaria) and, by way of contrast, Greece, giving with care and considerable detail their political history during and since the war. He calls his book a work intermediate between journalism and history, doubtless in recognition of the impossibility of accuracy in so disputed a field. But by applying the academic method with integrity to the information available to him, both from personal experience and from wide reading of the available documentation, he has produced a work the reliability and sobriety of which is unlikely to be seriously challenged.

Yet there is something missing. This is but the bare bones of political history; the spirit of understanding is not there. The reader learns, or is reminded, about the social structure of the Balkans before the war, the political parties and personalities of each country and how they fared during the war under Hitler's new order and in the underground tug-of-war in the resistance movements. He follows the subsequent careers of these politicians through the three stages of coalition, bogus coalition and monolithic régime, which form with varying tempo the pattern of sovietization in all the countries except Greece, arriving eventually at the current stage of purging the nationalist deviationists. The bare recital becomes a sordid tale of Communist treachery, violence and apparently unprincipled opportunism. It is not for want of trying that the author fails to understand, and so also

*The *East European Revolution*, by Hugh Seton-Watson. Methuen. 22s. 6d.

to explain, what the Communists are doing for he admits to a little recent "reading of Russian twentieth century history, of the works of Lenin and Stalin and of the early history of the Comintern" and is surprised at how much of current events in eastern Europe is thereby explained. Perhaps only the converted would pursue the study of Communist method further, and then we should not have the same impartial collection of factual data but in its place a selective and dogmatic, if more coherent and striking, account of the matter.

This lack of inner understanding explains the weakness of this book. Thus, the real significance of the Tito-Cominform split is missed. Marshal Tito was denounced for deviating from the Cominform policy of collectivization by describing his peasants as a "stable foundation of the Yugoslav State." An error of words rather than deeds, says the author. It certainly was that, but in Communist doctrine definitions and the reasons given for actions are all-important. This was a nationalist departure and revolt from Moscow's grand strategy of sovietization; he fails to recognize as a vital new departure stage four, made known through the Cominform in 1947. The new line required that the "people's democracy" thenceforward be regarded as a very transitory affair, solely destined (as Dimitrov later disclosed) "to ensure the development of the country along the road to Socialism." Marshal Tito refused to throw away his popularity with the peasants by announcing their imminent liquidation or collectivization in the Lenin-Stalin tradition, and apparently wished to stabilize his worker and peasant union and make it last.

There are short chapters on the economic plans and on social and religious policy which, although not much more than superficial, are valuable. But it is in the field of party politics, as a record of what happened and who was involved, that this book is best. The

reader must go elsewhere for an explanation of why things went the way they did. Doreen Warringer's recent *Revolution in Eastern Europe** though a much slighter and more partial work will give more clues to those who want such answers for she is concerned less with what this revolution means in terms of politics than with what it means to the people of eastern Europe. Mr. Seton Watson's main standpoint emerges in a concluding chapter:

If peace can be saved and further Soviet expansion checked . . . where is the line to be drawn? Is it to leave more than one hundred million non-Russians, including German Protestants and Danubian Catholics whose culture binds them to the West, on the other side? If the hundred million are thoroughly absorbed in the great Eurasian *Grossraumwirtschaft* stretching from the Elbe to the Amur, if to the two hundred million factory fodder and cannon fodder of the U.S.S.R. are added one hundred million more skilled factory and cannon fodder from Eastern Europe, will not the Eurasian bloc in twenty years' time be invincible; will it not be ready for the next stage of the triumphal march that is to sweep 'bourgeois civilization' from the face of the earth?

It is a pertinent question, for the Russians have played power politics with success and the author rightly draws attention to the present pressure points: Germany, Trieste, the Straits and Macedonia. But it would surely be a fatal error to think that an interpretation of events in terms of power politics and Red imperialism can explain everything. The eastern European revolution was indeed largely "imposed from outside and from above" as the author contends and the judicious proximity of the Red army and close supervision of Cominform direction certainly hurried along its successive stages at breakneck speed. Yet the "popular democracies" respond to real needs and now have strong popular support and many new vested interests. No alternative political order presents any attractions. When all allowance is made for the exaggerations of propaganda and the

*Turnstile Press. 12s. 6d.

unreliability of official statistics it is clear that great social and economic changes have been made and consolidated ; the clock will not voluntarily be put back.

This work is thus open to criticism for its limitations ; a lack of understanding of the dynamic creed of Communism, a distorting concentration on political aspects which will have a diminishing importance, a lack of grace and form and a rather pedestrian style. What it does do is nonetheless done thoroughly and in a manner which makes it an invaluable work of reference. A comprehensive index mitigates the episodic treatment of the vast amount of material digested and there is a useful bibliographical note for further reading.

OUT OF MY LATER YEARS, by
Albert Einstein. *Thames & Hudson*.
15s.

THE SCIENCE OF HUMANITY, by
K. G. Collier. *Nelson*. 12s. 6d.

A lighthouse keeper needs little "bodily and intellectual effort", so young people who wish to "think out scientific problems", especially "mathematical or philosophical" problems, might be given such tasks. Dr. Einstein suggests this in one of 59 essays, ranging in date from 1933 to 1950, and now collected. The suggestion, apparently serious, is characteristic. The Jewish people, he claims in one of the essays on them, have always promoted spiritual values. These are his supreme values ; science, he believes, eminently contributes to them, and quietude "stimulates the creative mind."

His love of solitude involves no aloofness from life. He understands the "tragic inner conflict" of Paul Ehrenfest's suicide. Physics, Dr. Einstein can hope, may finally banish "physical toil". This might be unfortunate if, as he says elsewhere, man is naturally indolent, and the present "time of danger and want" spurs him on.

The many purely scientific essays contain one comforting scepticism : "a man-made atomic explosion" could hardly destroy the earth, or part of it, by starting a "chain reaction", since the cosmic rays have not already started it. Two essays discuss the famous equivalence between energy and mass. The "tremendous energy" concentrated in "every gram of material" was long "unnoticed" because it must be given off to be observed.

Applying this, the separated parts of the atomic bomb seem innocent ; when joined they violently disclose the terrific energy they have concealed. The disruptive forces pervading modern civilization are only too perceptible *before* any final explosive disclosure. The sense of crisis is perceptible in Dr. Einstein's pages. The lie is dignified into a "political instrument" ; Socialism has not yet extinguished the "predatory phase" of human development, and the "military mentality" aims at "naked power". He pleads for a "supranational security organization". This must have an adequate military force, and the secret of the atomic bomb should be entrusted to the "world government".

Scientific method can supply effective means, he urges, but it cannot cure the present "confusion of goals". Light has baffled physics, and science proper, he recognizes, cannot establish ethical imperatives. Ethical axioms, like all axioms, are arbitrary for pure logic. For experience, however, they are not arbitrary. They are founded and tested much as scientific axioms are, for : "Truth is what stands the test of experience."

Science, Mr. Collier allows, cannot settle the "ultimate nature" of good and evil, though it can influence the "moral outlook"—by its devotion to truth, for instance. Though there must be a "sense of absolute obligation", science can effectively help men to live well. Science does not give certitude, but it can secure insight into human nature, and assess the conditions of

human life. It can then advise wisely, and thus help men to live morally.

The Science of Humanity aims at describing how science can help men to live the good life. Professor Sir Fred Clarke, in the Foreword, calls it a "courageous book". In its "frankly experimental", instructive, and interesting way, it should appeal to "a wide range of readers" and "provide the basis of courses" for "many kinds of student", as it intends.

A discussion of man's physical basis includes evolution, the brain, the senses, and the endocrine glands. Measurement is a characteristic of physical science. It can be applied, in the form of discreet statistical inquiry, to intelligence itself, for instance, or to economic vicissitudes. The carefully contrived "sample poll" throws light on human beings and their activities.

An irregular ink-blot discloses to the experimenter his imaginative power, his *surgency*, when he tries to detect faces in it. This minor item is picked from Mr. Collier's survey, which includes the unconscious, the relation of the individual to the community, the problems presented by war, and studying a community in action. He stresses values—their sources, influence, and their variations under different social conditions.

Science, for Dr. Einstein, "contributes to a religious spiritualization of life" though it purges away the anthropomorphism of a personal God. For Mr. Collier Christianity has promoted a central benevolence, and the loss of Christian belief, without adequate substitute, is one cause of present "apathy and selfishness". This is so whether the Christian faith is true or not—which science cannot decide.

Joshua C. Gregory.

CANADA : A SHORT HISTORY, by Gerald S. Graham. *Hutchinson's University Library.* 7s. 6d.

So many modern Canadian writers have been careful to protect themselves

from any suspicion of Anglophilism that it is refreshing to find a native-born Canadian historian who will say a good word for the English. Professor Graham maintains that, without the British heritage of political freedom, Canada could hardly have combined her diversity of races into a democratic State.

It is no easy thing to compress the salient facts of Canada's story into some 70,000 words but Dr. Graham accomplishes it with originality and skill. He attempts "to approach Canadian history from outside" and shows how the country's development was associated with European events. This contrasts with the recent histories of Creighton and Lower, written from the North American standpoint. Unlike Dr. Lower, whose *Colony to Nation* (Longmans Green, Toronto, 1946) is full of passionate eloquence, Dr. Graham marshals his facts without emotion and inclines to understatement. Here, for instance, is his forecast :

In the world as at present constituted, the influence of a nation is measured by its realizable rather than its potential strength ; and military strength is still based on manpower. As far as one can look ahead, Canada will remain a secondary power whose external policy must inevitably be moulded to the design of a stronger but increasingly more considerate North American neighbour.

This seems to me unduly pessimistic. Canada's influence is already far out of proportion to her population, owing to her strategic position among the major world powers.

Professor Graham follows in the tradition of Mahan. He is particularly strong on the maritime aspects of Canada's history and shows the importance of water communications to her survival as an independent British nation. Despite flashes of dry wit, his prose is, at times, as hard and intractable as the rock of his native Ontario but there is much fine metal in it. Omissions are the inevitable price of compression. He gives excellent thumb-

nail sketches of some of the leading figures in the earlier periods, including Frontenac and Durham, but, coming to recent times, he does not even mention the name of R. B. Bennett or J. S. Woodsworth, each of whom made an indelible mark on Canadian history. He races over the development of Western Canada in a few (well-written) paragraphs.

In these days when every statesman is encouraged to be his own historian, we must not grudge a historian a brief excursion into statesmanship. In his last chapter Dr. Graham gives us his hopes and guesses about Canada's future, and craves for his native country a greater sense of corporate entity, of "nationhood". He plumps for more centralization of power in the hands of the Federal Government. In this he is following that school of Canadian thinkers, whose views were voiced by Mr. Wilfrid Eggleston in his book, *The Road to Nationhood* (Oxford U.P. Toronto, 1946). Professor Graham refers to what he calls "the bauble of local rights and privileges." There is, of course, another school of thought on this question. The jurisdictional rights of the provincial governments, so far from being anachronistic barriers to progress, to be swept away with hardly a second thought, may be viewed as safeguards of the liberties of the Canadian citizen. But, whatever the value of Dr. Graham's opinions on Canada's constitutional development and future international position, there remain as the solid worth of the book his contribution to maritime history and his objective analysis of Anglo-Canadian relations.

LESLIE BISHOP.

SAN MARTIN THE LIBERATOR, by
J. C. J. Metford. *Basil Blackwell*.
16s.

José Francisco de San Martín was born in 1777 or 1778 in the country that is now called Argentina. At the provincial town of Mendoza, with great

patience and cunning, he prepared an army. In 1817 he led that army across the Andes by passes that are 12,000 feet high, and struck a series of crippling blows at the forces of Imperial Spain in Chile and Peru, thereby ensuring that his homeland would in future be free from attack from that direction. In 1822 he met the other great South American Liberator, Simón Bolívar, at Guayaquil. After that meeting, San Martín remarked: "There is not room enough in Peru for Bolívar and me." He resigned his command and went to live in obscurity, first in Argentina, later in Europe. He died almost penniless in Boulogne in 1850.

Mr. Metford gives a straightforward account of San Martín's career, in its historical and regional setting. He makes good use of the diaries of the Englishmen who met the Liberator in various parts of South America during and after the Andean campaign. When the story has been told, however, the character of the Argentine national hero still remains a mystery. San Martín was secretive and modest by nature, but many of his contemporaries believed that he wished to be crowned Emperor of Peru. He had loyal friends and colleagues (several of whom were British), but he never took anyone completely into his confidence. In his letters and in conversation he commented objectively on his own actions, explaining and justifying them; but he never revealed his thoughts and motives. His ideas on the political consequences of South American liberation seem to have been vague; but by 1817 and 1818 he had decided that the best solution would be the establishment of monarchies in the new-born States, and he was trying to negotiate the importing of European princes for that purpose. At the height of his military success, San Martín resigned and withdrew from public life; but it was said that he expected the populace to rise up and recall him, as they had done on a previous occasion. Mr. Metford devotes his final chapter to a considera-

tion of the apparent inconsistencies in the character of the *Liberator*. At one point, he suggests that San Martín had only one idea in mind : to drive the Spaniards from South America. This interpretation, however, is too simple to be satisfactory. The author himself does not seem to be quite satisfied with the charitable explanation, that San Martín resigned so that Bolívar might end the war as quickly as possible and thus save the peoples of South America from a prolongation of hostilities. San Martín cannot have withdrawn willingly; he cannot have approved of Bolívar's liberal political views; and he cannot have been happy at the prospect of leaving the liberated peoples in the hands of the Colombian. So the mystery remains.

San Martín the Liberator was designed to introduce the hero to British readers who know little or nothing about him; and it will admirably fulfil its purpose. The book has been published under the auspices of three British organizations whose function is to encourage understanding and cultural relations between the peoples of Latin America and Great Britain. The author, however, has not been unduly tactful. He mentions the *Liberator's* "dark, Indian-like appearance" and the suggestion that perhaps, after all, his father was not a Spanish officer. Mr. Metford even quotes Maria Graham's description of San Martín, omitting only the unkindest passage. Students of Latin American affairs will be pleased to know that a volume of documents connected with San Martín is in preparation.

GEORGE PENDLE.

THE UNENDING QUEST, by Sir Paul Dukes. *Cassell*. 16s.

A BIOGRAPHER'S NOTEBOOK, by Hector Bolitho. *Longmans*. 12s. 6d.

THE LAWYER, by E. S. P. Haynes. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 16s.

These three books resemble each other in that they are all something more than pure autobiography. Far less than the other two authors Sir Paul Dukes deals in digressions, not that

Mr. Bolitho or Mr. Haynes are less estimable on that account. But they would appear to be modestly averse from having the whole of their books in the first person singular.

The most charming part of Sir Paul's book is the story of his youthful adventures when he ran away to the Continent and became a teacher of English in some very queer schools. He was aiming at the Petersburg musical world and when he landed there he had the good fortune to become a protégé of the great Albert Coates. He tells us that the press, though shackled, was very free and vocal under the Czar by comparison with the later iron tyranny of the Bolsheviks. It certainly was somewhat shackled and this extended to papers from abroad. I remember that before the 1914-1918 war we used to receive papers with whole articles inked over; that ink was euphemistically known as caviar. In 1913 Sir Paul spent the summer at the country estate of a wealthy landed squire, as tutor to his children. Among his friends was the village priest, a bulky, good-natured fellow with a superb voice. He and his deacon used to be drunk for three days on end, but they never missed a service at church; their weakness, far from offending, endeared them to their parishioners. They would have enjoyed meeting John Fortnum of Barnet, one of the centenarians whom Sir Paul interviewed in various parts of Britain. When this gentleman was asked how he had spent his life he replied promptly : "Drinking whisky and playing the harp." At the age of 102 he was ready to lay odds that he would drink Sir Paul under the table.

A considerable part of Mr. Bolitho's book is devoted to a series of letters written by the late Queen of Rumania to an American sympathizer whom she never met. In one of them the Queen denies that she is insincere when smiling radiantly at old and young; her one desire is to spread joy, which reminds one of the man who, being

shown a baby that may be hideous, always makes the mother (and himself) satisfied by exclaiming "What a child!" By the way, it is odd that Mr. Bolitho, who has written much on the subject of royal persons, should not know the difference between German Empress and Empress of Germany. Queen Marie writes severely about some of her children and about the Empress Elizabeth of Austria who "accepted no duties, but wasted her life and was never conscious of how she tortured others around her." An interesting section of this book deals with Edward VII as a youth being conducted by Dean Stanley round the Near East. "He treated the pillars and the sculptures," wrote the Dean, "I will not say with interest or admiration, but with the most well-bred courtesy." And, to extract one more plum from this excellent dish, there is a story of Walter Scott being shown over some famous place by an old Irish woman to whom he gave half-a-crown. One of the party stayed to tell her who Scott was—the great poet. "Poet!" was the answer, "Divol a bit. An honourable gentleman. He giv' me half-a-crown."

All those people who never had the advantage of tramping across Hampstead Heath on a Sunday morning with our beloved Ted Haynes can recover some of the gold they have lost by reading this admirable book. He was always ingenious, as when at the age of twelve he explained on a Sunday to his shocked father that he and his friends were not playing croquet but an entirely new game he had invented for Sundays; it was called croquetina. Equally charming were the words of a Parisian coachman who, after driving the party to a funeral, thought it undignified that his coach should be used for sightseeing and should wait outside a restaurant. Did they propose, he asked, that he should also drive them to the Moulin Rouge? This is but one out of a great number of hilarious and wise passages in a memorable book.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE SPIRIT OF LONDON, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Revised by Raymond Mortimer. *Batsford*. 12s. 6d.

LONDON—HISTORIC BUILDINGS, with an Introduction by Harry Batsford. *Batsford*. 7s. 6d.

LONDON'S UNDERWORLD. Edited by Peter Quennell. *Kimber*. 18s.

CATHOLIC LONDON, by Douglas Newton. *Hale*. 21s.

LONDON — THE WESTERN REACHES, by Godfrey James. *Hale*. 15s.

THE LONDON ANTHOLOGY, by Hugh and Pauline Massingham. *Phoenix House*. 21s.

Few authors have caught the spirit of London like Paul Cohen-Portheim. This much travelled cosmopolitan wrote with such discernment that one is surprised he was not London born. Not all Londoners would agree with his judgments on our hotels, parks, streets and traditions but most would find his comments stimulating. This third edition has been revised by Raymond Mortimer, and it can only be regretted that the objectivity of the author was not emulated in the postscript of Mr. Mortimer, whose London in the main appears to be limited to the social life of a selected few. It is doubtful if the essence of London has changed half as much as this postscript indicates, and the perceptive visitor from Rome might well challenge Mr. Mortimer's superficial comparison of the two capitals. Many of the facets of London's life are well caught in the excellent photographs.

Equally satisfactory are the 97 pictures of the historic buildings of London, with the brief Foreword of Mr. Harry Batsford to serve as an informative introduction to the study of his book. Visitors to the city for the Festival of Britain will need it, after its work as an illustrated guide to the sights is done, for a treasured souvenir.

To Henry Mayhew, who once ran away to sea rather than face the humdrum in his father's law office, we

are indebted for his searching survey of the conditions of the London working classes during the nineteenth century. Selections from his book *Those That Will Not Work*, published in 1861, provide Mr. Quennell with the material for *London's Underworld*. For the few remaining Forsytes this volume will have the effect of a shower during a power cut, for Mayhew in recording the results of his research was not given to calling a spade a gardening implement. Protected by the police, he visited thieves, beggars, prostitutes and cheats to obtain the story of their downfall, misery and need—set out in graphic detail. For the student of the Victorian age the book is informative; for the sensitive, one to be avoided, and the social reformer may take comfort from it in the accomplishment of a century's betterment.

From those who have been celebrating the centenary of the restoration of the hierarchy of England and Wales *Catholic London* will receive a special welcome. The book traces Catholicism from almost pre-historic to modern times in that sector of the city that lies between the Tower and Tyburn. It tells a grim story of prophets, priests, martyrs and informers against a backcloth of religious intolerance. But the account lacks balance and suffers from serious omissions for, while the agony and death of Catholic martyrs are described in considerable detail, the suffering of the Protestant martyrs at Smithfield in Mary's reign is dismissed by Mr. Newton in two lines. The social effect of the Bull of Excommunication on Elizabeth is ignored and no reference is made to the suggestion of Cardinal Allen that English Roman Catholics should support the Spanish invader against the Queen. The religious cruelty of the sixteenth century is rightly repugnant to-day, but Mr. Newton does a disservice to both Protestants and Catholics in ignoring some potent facts.

The latest addition to the County Books series is *London—the Western Reaches* by Godfrey James. The

volume is a rich combination of erudition and enthusiasm, dealing with art, industry, life and personalities in Fulham, Hammersmith and Chiswick; the zest leaves one mentally breathless. The over 50's will read the descriptions of the exhibitions held at the White City and Earl's Court with the pleasures of reminiscence. The substantial contributions to our dramatic history by the theatres of these "western" areas is emphasized. The book is well illustrated and a map is provided for any reader who loses his way in the excitements of the pilgrimage.

A pilgrimage of another kind is *The London Anthology* of Hugh and Pauline Massingham. This is the perfect Cockney bedside book. Extracts from letters and memoirs, mostly from Londoners, are divided into such diverse headings as Accidents, Air Raids, Horrors, Jive, Manners, Music, Funerals, Foreigners, and provides a unique description of the town and its people. Anthologies are essentially personal, but this selection of the Massinghams will merit general approval. Here are to be found the exact quotation and story for every occasion. Some benefactor should send a copy of the book to every mayor and town clerk; judicious doses of the wit and wisdom contained between its covers would enliven the most boring of official borough speeches.

HERBERT T. BANYARD.

THE YEAR'S WORK IN THE THEATRE 1949-1950, is published for the British Council by *Longmans Green* (3s.6d.). There is a picture of the set of what is rightly described as the "delicious" *Ring Round the Moon*. Among the critics writing are W. A. Darlington, Ivor Brown, and Alan Dent. "The Year in Ballet" is Philip Hope-Wallace's contribution. From the other good things Dame Sybil Thorndike's "Thanks to Bernard Shaw" is selected, because of her characteristically warm and impulsive style and because she is not afraid to be enthusiastic.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

"It is a very serious thing to change the name of a periodical. By doing so you begin an altogether new enterprise," said Anthony Trollope, deprecating his "ill-chosen" title for *THE FORTNIGHTLY* which by 1866 had become a monthly. And now, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, though realizing the risk, bows to time's inexorable logic in the garb of *The Twentieth Century*, intending "no alteration in its policy but hoping to clothe its expression more suitably," as its editor, Mr. Michael Goodwin explains—apparently unperturbed by the recurrence of the situation in fifty years' time. For it is certain that the world is still going to need, perhaps desperately, the little lamps of steady thought that the monthly reviews are especially able to keep burning.

The price of freedom

The idealism that is united to positive beliefs, universal order from political chaos, the preservation of liberty in a planned economy, are some of Richard Law's passionately tended lamps in *RETURN FROM UTOPIA* (Faber. 12s. 6d.). His experience as a Privy Councillor, as an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and as a Minister of Education—with the background provided by his Prime Minister father, Bonar Law—entitle him to a respectful hearing. This may be tempered by his present position as an Opposition Member of Parliament, for the scepticism of a "Tory democracy" providing something for *all* that will be better than the Welfare State, is deeply-rooted. But his main contention that man first needs to re-establish his relationship with God nobody, not even the agnostic, would deny.—Alexander Clifford in *ENTER CITIZENS* (Evans. 12s. 6d.) is perhaps more realistically concerned with "the death of God" as a result of the emergence of what he calls "mass-produced man". Here is a collection of essays on a

European theme which uses such object lessons as Fascism, Communism, Marshall Aid, and the Occupation of Germany. As would be expected from a newspaper correspondent of the author's eminence, his book is packed with quotable opinions, full of verve and snap, and sometimes even able to resist the probe. Inverting Browning, he makes the reader's hopes rise but to fall and the justice of many of these groundings must be conceded. For example, he feels that the rest of this continent's history must depend on the solution of its economic problems. If this happens :

The appeal of Marxism will be cancelled out by the absence of the conditions on which it is based, and conservatism will disappear because there will be no longer anything to conserve. . . . And one day the flat, padded, materialist millenium will have quietly arrived.

And the preference for its arrival in correct spelling in no way interferes with one's gloomy assent.

All about Eve

Faintly distasteful, as well as gloomy, is the assent given to the conclusions of C. Willett Cunningham in *WOMEN* (Burke. 15s.), arising possibly from his style, which often waxes and wanes from the arch to the snicker. This is ungracious perhaps, in view of his undoubted authority on the vagaries of those creatures in whom remains, "as in the moon, a territory in permanent eclipse." (D'you see what I mean ?) But there is room for a straightforward account, to be assessed by a mind less masculinely concerned with making mystery, of the large part that remains visible. This stricture however, should not prevent readers from gaining in a lavishly produced and illustrated volume much information, wisdom and warning, under such chapter headings as "The Damsel," "The Heroine", "The Rib", "Ladies of Easy Virtue", "Emancipation", and the ingenious "Jurymen's Verdict"

wherein a group of philosophers, poets and statesmen, including Mill, Byron and Disraeli, dovetail in debate by quoting from themselves—a happy garnering of the fruits of wide reading.

Shakespeare by lightning flash

That man—not woman—is man's enemy, is illustrated again in *MAD GENIUS* by Maurice Willson Disher (*Hutchinson*. 21s.) despite its subtitle: "A biography of Edmund Kean with particular reference to the women who made and unmade him." Another study of the greatest of British actors is here (in the author's forestalling word) "fictionized", and very readably. The love letters to Mrs. Cox are arranged chronologically so "that they begin to tell their story" and the diaries of James Winston, who was front-of-the-house manager at Drury Lane, have yielded up "a day-to-day account of Kean's conduct." To Hazlitt and Heine, to Coleridge and Keats we are indebted for descriptions of the only part of his life that still matters—his *theatre* conduct—and yet his meteor-like rise and fall, from fame to obloquy, from wealth to penury, from high spirits to worn-out death, continue to fascinate and inspire a generation who never saw him cross a stage.

Books and pictures

There have been many coruscations in Wyndham Lewis's career, now told by himself in *RUDE ASSIGNMENT* (*Hutchinson*. 21s.). His gifts in writing and paint, his vigour in attack and defence, his formidable satire, have been the mingled terror and envy of lesser men ever since the 'twenties. The lion still growls—yet somehow the spontaneous movement to pat him affectionately on the head is not deterred. Can it be that his roar has been worse than his bite in this cynical and savage century and that, when he says about some of his criticism in past books: "I rather feel as if I had been delivering pep talks to men dying of cancer, and am sometimes

surprised that I was not more unpopular than I was," the word "disappointed" might be read in place of "surprised"? Whatever the explanation, or justification, of former irascibility, this independent mind has now come to a conclusion which should unlock the hardest of conventional hearts: "Personally I would rather muddle along with the democratic rulers of the West." He shall—and there take his place among the traditional tilers and scoffers.

Hobgoblins, and early death

Not that the name of Wyndham Lewis is to be found in the index of *ENGLISH LEGENDS*, by Henry Bett (*Batsford*. 12s. 6d.), among the monsters and giants, the saints, the demons and the goblins. That there are 21 references here to various appurtenances of the devil does but indicate how strong a hold has fear in the making of folk lore, and, saints by far outnumbering the devil's entries may well be due to exactly the same feeling. This is a useful volume, most fittingly illustrated by the drawings of Eric Fraser, for the furbishing of childhood memories, from the stately Arthurian tales to the white horses on the hills of Avebury, Westbury and Uffington.—Which brings us right out into the countryside with John Kearton, W. Kay Robinson and a boy who was killed in a Mosquito aircraft trying to destroy a flying bomb in 1944.

James Farrar's book *THE UNRETURNING SPRING* (*Williams & Norgate*. 15s.) comes first, for it recalls the bitter heart-ache of the death of Sidney Keyes in the previous year, and, as to him, so to Farrar goes a tribute for the flash of genius in his verse. The poems, stories, sketches, letters and the nature diary, written when he was 16 have been collected and edited now by Henry Williamson, who finds an affinity between him and Aircraftman "T. E. Shaw". "Had he lived, what books would James Farrar have written!" exclaims Mr. Williamson. The boy

himself puts the unanswerable question :

Why must the petal in the night,
Clothed all in spring, so ache for day
And dance the transient spring away ?

The open air

Turning to happier thoughts, John Kearton's *NATURE MEMORIES* (*Jarrollds*. 15s.) conjures up a lecture he gave on wild life to a literary society when he and I were young. He was deputizing for his uncle Cherry, and I was the "Official Operator" who caused his surprise that a girl should be in charge of a lantern with a 2,000-watt lamp and a supposedly intricate focussing mechanism. (Lecturers were prone to this astonishment and—after the proceedings—even more so, because no slides had been shown upside down or in the wrong order.) He now records his observations while taking the 70-odd photographs that adorn his book : of owls and hedgehogs, of starlings and razorbills, of jackdaws sitting on his father Richard Kearton's head, of slow-worms and vipers, of tiger moths and tree pipits, of the cuckoos who called around London all night long during the heavy raids ; these, and countless more, are accompanied with all the remembered enthusiasm peeping through a natural modesty.

A nature calendar

The next book, *A BREATH OF FRESH AIR* by W. Kay Robinson (*Lutterworth*. 10s. 6d.), deserves the compliment of quotation from no less a country-lover than Mr. S. L. Bensusan, who sent a letter thus :

A country book has been written by the son of a man whose Nature studies helped me when I was little more than a boy. . . . If you can include it in your "B.O.T.T." I shall be grateful.

If the book was put on the table primarily to please Mr. Bensusan, it should be added that the pleasure the reading of it has given is all my own.

In this respect, and as a teacher, the son seems to rank equally with the father. In the Foreword Eric Parker says "there is more in these pages than the songs of the birds . . . We get, chapter by chapter, a calendar of the year." Of course, enjoyment of W. Kay Robinson's work in *The Times* and elsewhere was preparation for essays like "Bluebells and Nightingales", "Harvesters of Oak and Hazel", "Flowers, and Other Lures for Butterflies" and the rest, accompanied by the lovely drawings of Len Fullerton.

Scandinavian essayist

A Christmas encounter with a Swedish woman, who showed a knowledge of English literature that is not general in England, brought the conversation round to the biography of King Charles XII by Frans G. Bengtsson. In his collection of essays, now translated by Michael Roberts and Elspeth Harley Schubert, *A WALK TO AN ANT HILL* (*Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.), such pieces as "In Front of a Bookcase", "How I Became a Writer" and "Winterfolk" prove that the author shares his countrywoman's endearing characteristic. And, besides the percipience of the essays on Wellington, Villon, and Stonewall Jackson, Mr. Bengtsson's title piece and "Thoughts in the Grass" are full of his understanding of nature too.

In the running brooks

There is just enough space to recommend those who enjoyed the four broadcast talks on *BOOK COLLECTING* (*Bowes & Bowes*. 6s.) to the written word, which comprises "The Sense of the Past" by R. W. Chapman, "Why First Editions?" by John Hayward, "The Technical Approach" by John Carter and "Bookshops and the Auction Room" by Michael Sadleir.

GRACE BANYARD